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THE big night in Parliament on the Import Duties has had to be postponed owing to Mr. Chamberlain's illness. But Sir Herbert Samuel could not bottle up the big speech he was to have delivered; he gave it, or part of it, to a meeting at the National Liberal Club on Wednesday. As an exposition of Free Trade principles it was excellent. But what troubles a great many Free Traders is why a man so passionate for these principles should continue to tie himself to those who regard them as imbecile or pernicious. There is a "yawning gap," says Sir Herbert, between him and the majority of his colleagues on the question of tariffs, and he regrets that he has had to yield "to the forces of economic nationalism which have been the main causes of the world's present disasters." But the Government are sound on other questions, such as disarmament, reparations and India—and so he must stay with them. Why must he? If he and Sir Donald Maclean were to cross the floor of the House, would the Government straightway give orders for more battleships, tear up the Round Table plans, and try to squeeze blood from the German stone? Of course it does not matter much—except to the Liberal Party—what Sir Herbert Samuel does. But it is odd.

* * *

Meantime, the manufacturers are not letting the grass grow under their feet. Even as we write, the pressure for higher duties from one trade after another is being intensified, and Members of Parliament, as well as the Tariff Advisory Committee, are bombarded by countless dissatisfied interests. Protection for silk, protection for pig iron, more protection for pottery, cutlery, woollen goods, a longer guarantee of high protection for steel—these are only a few of the outstanding demands that are being pressed in the newspapers and behind the scenes. Wool is already in the centre of the struggle. The latest news is that the Advisory Committee has refused the application for a higher tariff pending further consideration. If the manufacturers finally win their case, every other interest will be encouraged to redouble its clamour. It is difficult to believe in the resisting power of the Advisory Committee or in the obstructive energy of the dissident members of the Cabinet. The worst thing about tariffs is that there are always plausible arguments for raising them. These arguments are strongest in seasons of economic adversity, when prices are falling, and the vested interests want to use the tariffs as a means of keeping them up. That way lies the complete strangulation of world trade—and not so far ahead that we can afford to ignore the danger.

* * *

Herr Hitler's gains in the elections of last Sunday, formidable though they were, do not ensure him the fruits of victory. In Prussia, the key State, he musters, with his 162 Nazis and his allies of the Right, a total strength of just over 200. But this is a minority which can only be made into a majority by the support of the Communists or the Centre Party. The Communists,

however, have come out with a strong declaration against him; they are not going, it seems, to take the risk of a Fascist dictatorship, in the hope of its leading presently to a "Red" reaction. Much depends, therefore, on the decision of the Centre. If it comes to an understanding with the Nazis, Hitler or one of his friends might be elected Prime Minister of Prussia. But presumably it would exact its price, and a stiff price, involving no less than the abandoning of revolutionism. And, deprived of its sound and fury, what would the Nazi movement amount to? If no such accommodation can be reached, there are two possibilities. The present coalition of Socialists and Centre under Herr Braun may continue to govern, though in a minority, relying on such support as it can get from the Communists. Or, should that prove unworkable, the Prussian Constitution may be suspended, and a State Commissar appointed to administer the country autocratically.

* * *

The problem is not likely to be solved in a hurry; and indeed negotiations can hardly get far till Dr. Brüning returns from Geneva. Meanwhile, what will be the repercussions of the Nazi wins on the French elections on May 1st? It is not easy to give an answer. The press and politicians of the Right are doing their best with the Hitler bogy; but the Left feels—or professes to feel—but little disturbed, and there is no sign of popular panic. The desire for a better understanding with Germany is widespread, and the possibility of a better understanding need not be ruled out because the Nazis may have to be a party to it. On the other hand, the uncertainty of the situation across the Rhine inevitably prompts caution on this side. We expect anyhow to see the swing of the pendulum in France next Sunday, though how far it will swing is doubtful. The campaign in general has not produced any great exeitement; it has produced, or revealed, considerable confusion about the policies of the parties, and in the Radical camp serious dissensions.

* * *

There is not much progress to report in the Disarmament Conference this week. Committees are at work on various technical questions, while the political bigwigs have been talking in private—notably at Mr. Stimson's villa. The main problem that concerns them is how to reconcile the French and the German theses. If they succeed in that, they will indeed have done well—especially with the shadow of Hitler falling across the table. There is, besides, the naval difficulty between France and Italy; Mr. MacDonald has been pressing hard, but so far in vain, for their adhesion to the London Treaty. As regards the Far East, the Committee of Nineteen have also met in private, and differed about what they can or ought to do. There are hopes now of a settlement at Shanghai, on the basis of a new formula devised by Sir Miles Lampson. But Japan is quite capable of making more trouble over this, encouraged as she is by the indulgence of certain Great Powers. In any case, if the situation at Shanghai is cleared up, there remains Manchuria, which is a far more serious matter alike for Japan and for the rest of the world.

Lord Revelstoke, in a letter to the *Times* on Wednesday, made some pertinent comments on the recent Russian debate in the Lords. He insists particularly on the importance of a financial settlement if we are to improve Anglo-Russian trade—a point which was practically ignored in this debate. Attempts to settle the debts question have ended in deadlock, and for that the Russians may be partly to blame. But they are not entirely to blame. They cannot satisfy the claims made on them in respect of the past without the guarantee of some assistance for the present and the future; and they have, as Lord Revelstoke says, been unfairly criticised for "demanding what would be a perfectly natural and indeed a necessary concomitant of a settlement of their debts—a reconstruction loan." There is little or no risk involved in our meeting them in that matter. Is it sheer prejudice, or a hope of destroying Bolshevism, or wanton contempt for British commercial interests, that dictates our policy? Manufacturers and merchants want more trade with Russia, as Russia wants it with them, but financiers (and particularly the joint stock banks) obstruct it. Lord Revelstoke would like to see the day when a Russian reconstruction loan is floated under international auspices. So should we; but it is not necessary to sit and twiddle our thumbs pending its arrival. It is quite possible, and it is common sense, for this country to make a national settlement and by itself to put Anglo-Russian trade on a sound basis.

* * *

The Government of Kenya has now decided to make military service compulsory for all white men between the ages of eighteen and fifty. When a similar attempt was made five years ago it was defeated by the spontaneous resistance of the more independent British residents, fifteen hundred of whom—out of a total white population of 12,000—petitioned the King against this effort to conscript them. The only object of conscription in Kenya is to arm the whites against the blacks. One of the principal dangers of the Ordinance was forcibly explained by Mr. R. Hemsted, who was then Senior Commissioner. He said that it might lead to "unnecessary punitive expeditions" being carried out "against natives owing to exaggerated and unreliable reports that a rising is contemplated." He recommended that the order should be left to the police and that the Defence Force should be completely abolished. It is interesting to note that Mr. Hemsted, who has since retired, is to be a member of the Land Commission now appointed to inquire into the question of native lands in Kenya. The restiveness of the native, which so frightens the Government of Kenya, is a direct product of the insecurity of native land tenure and the oppressiveness of the regulations governing native labour on white estates. Several members of the new Commission are themselves residents of Kenya who live on land which has been taken from native tribes, and which the natives declare has never been paid for. Presumably, the Commissioners will begin by inquiring into their own title deeds.

* * *

Sir Henry Betterton has been protesting vigorously that the British Government regards the International Labour Office as the apple of its eye. M. Albert Thomas,

the Director, evidently thinks otherwise; for in his report he was somewhat caustic at the expense of Great Britain, which he accused of trying to contract out of the world's troubles and solve its problems in isolation by a policy of economic nationalism. We are afraid M. Thomas had the best of the argument; for our present policy either is economic nationalism or it is nothing, and our behaviour towards the I.L.O. in the past has hardly been of a nature to encourage the belief that we are as fond of it as Sir Henry Betterton makes out. If we really believed in international labour legislation, should we not long ago have ratified the Washington Hours Convention, and should we not now be taking steps to bring the recent convention on miners' hours into operation in this country? We are doubtless ready enough to see other countries increase their wages and reduce their hours; but we are not even prepared to give legislative sanction to our own existing hours of labour.

* * *

There has been a good deal of mystery about Mr. Chamberlain's Exchange Equalisation Fund, for which he has taken power to borrow up to £150,000,000, with the object of regulating the external value of the pound. It is, indeed, impossible to know—and obviously the public is not meant to know—how exactly the fund is to be used, or what policy the Government has in mind. A host of questions at once suggest themselves. Is the object to stabilise the pound at or about its present gold value? Or is an attempt to be made to counteract a fall in gold prices by helping the pound to depreciate further? Is the money for the fund to be borrowed from the Bank of England, or by means of Treasury Bills, or in some other way? Will the effect be inflationary or deflationary, and how will the control of the money by the Treasury affect the policy of the Bank? Not one of these questions can be definitely answered at present; but what is plain is that, in creating the Fund, the Government has embarked on the policy of a "managed" currency. For though the ostensible object be to steady the foreign exchanges, this cannot be done without reactions on the internal price-level and the supply of credit. The departure is therefore momentous; and for our part we welcome it. We welcome, too, the Labour amendment, which the Government has accepted, securing that the fund shall be controlled by the Treasury and not by the Bank. For, in effect, that means that currency policy has now become a public responsibility, open to discussion in Parliament, and has ceased to be the concern of a private corporation of bankers.

* * *

Now that the cotton operatives have refused to go into conference with the employers on conditions which prejudged the case for a reduction in wages, the employers are wondering what to do. By no means all of them are ready to go to the length of calling a general lock-out in order to enforce a reduction; but, on the other side, a considerable section holds that wages cannot be left at the present level. There is accordingly a threat that the existing agreements will be ended, and each individual employer left free to take what action he thinks fit. This would mean that some firms would lock out their employees, and then it would rest with the Weavers' Amalgamation and its associated Unions to decide whether or not to make the stoppage general. If they did not, the machinery of wage-regulation in the industry would break down, as it was broken down in the woollen trade some years ago—and each employer would be scrambling to get orders by paying lower wages than his competitors. Re-organisation of the industry would be even farther off than it is to-day. On the other hand, a general lock-out is obviously bad from every point of view, especially as the market position, above all in China, is temporarily better. Cannot the employers try again, by asking the weavers to a fresh conference without prejudging the issue by demanding that the need for a wage-reduction be admitted in advance?

* * *

The "Empire Free Trade" campaign, of which Lord Beaverbrook is the spearhead, grows crazier and crazier. A year or two ago a "Buy British" Exhibition was arranged for Copenhagen, the plans for which are now nearing completion. This Exhibition, like that recently staged at Buenos Aires, will do something, it is hoped, to stimulate our flagging export trades. But so violently has Lord Beaverbrook inoculated himself with his own form of political rabies that he even views this Exhibition suspiciously: it is apparently a thinly disguised attempt to deflect British purchasing power from Empire markets. Farther along the path of the inane we can hardly hope to go. Meanwhile there are disclosed this week the details of an elaborate scheme for meat—quota plus tariffs—which, apparently under pressure from the Beaverbrook interests, is, it is said, to be submitted to the Cabinet. This scheme would provide for a revenue from meat taxes—on the basis of last year's imports—of something like £20 millions, while, of course, a good deal more would be extracted from the consumer. With such a prize at stake it is not to be wondered at that "Empire Free Traders" are trying to crab the Danish Exhibition.

* * *

The present position of the Sunday Performances (Regulation) Bill is causing its promoters "grave anxiety." After the fiasco of the Second Reading, when the Bill was carried by the narrow majority of eighteen, its chances of survival were clearly precarious. Various lines of compromise have been explored and have failed, and the Bill has now gone to a Standing Committee; a body which, for bad Bills, serves as a lethal chamber, and, for better-behaved ones, as cold storage. Unfortunately cold storage is no use to this Bill, as after October 7th our Sunday cinemas lose the protection of the law. It is rather amusing (and a curious commentary on our muddled technique of law-making) that those who favour Sunday performances should now be struggling to maintain a principle which has been in operation for many years. Meanwhile, the issue is further confused by clouds of Sabbatarian humbug and counter-humbug. "The cinema is a great gift of God to this generation," said a prominent Baptist minister on Wednesday, and his view that its "exploitation" is a "major tragedy" has much to commend it; but we have no patience with those who argue that we can do what we like with such an instrument on week-days provided we handle it worthily on the Sabbath.

MR. DE VALERA'S CASE

GOOD or bad, English people would do well to try to understand Mr. De Valera's case. At present there is no sign that anyone in this country has a notion why the Fianna Fail Party exists. The problem is a historical one, and English people are even more completely ignorant of Irish history than they are of their own. Every Irishman is primed with his national history. To English people Limerick is associated with a young lady who went for a ride on a tiger; in Ireland Limerick is the city of the broken treaty. Comparatively few English people remember that Cromwell and William III ever went to Ireland, and as for Robert Emmet few of them even know his name. During this week all Ireland has been mourning the death of Mrs. Pearse, the mother of Padraic Pearse, who deliberately sacrificed his life in the Easter rising of 1916. How many English people have ever heard of him or of James Connolly, Tom Clarke, or Sean Macdermott, who were also shot by the British and who are to-day revered in Ireland as the men who gave their lives for a Republican ideal? How many English people even realise that a civil war was fought in Ireland over the Treaty with England? They know that England surrendered the government of Ireland to Irishmen. The fact that it was by a threat of organised war upon Ireland that Mr. Lloyd George contrived to keep back one symbol of allegiance, they forget. If they recalled it at all it would seem to them just silly sentimentalism on the part of Mr. De Valera to worry about forms—and he himself has taken the oath on the plea that it was an "empty formula"—when the substance has been so safely won. And that is how it seemed to Michael Collins and Arthur Griffith, and how it seems to most Irishmen to-day—for Mr. De Valera won far more votes by his pledges of economic salvation than he did by promising to abolish the oath and retain the land annuities. Yet, sentimental or not, Mr. De Valera can truthfully claim that there is in Ireland a considerable body of determined Republicans who were willing to fight rather than accept the Treaty, who have been waiting their chance, some of them in prison, throughout the Cosgrave regime, who look to him to show that a Republic is possible through the Dail, and who will turn to arms again if the constitutional way to a Republic is barred. For several centuries Irishmen have fought for the right to decide their own form of government. As long as the Treaty and Constitution remain as they are to-day, that choice is not entirely free. Mr. De Valera's case is that, until they can choose without any restriction, peace will be impossible in Ireland. Once the full Republican has a constitutional way open to him there will no longer be any excuse for secret ammunition dumps, or, indeed, for the existence of the I.R.A.

Even put in this form without the clutter of legal argument and the to-ing and fro-ing about whether the Treaty is to be repudiated or only the Constitution altered, Mr. De Valera's case is not a very strong one. For it seems improbable that any constitutional efforts on his or anyone else's part can reconcile the more extreme Republicans. The most fanatical group, led by Mary MacSwiney, refuse to recognise the existing Dail whatever changes are made in the Constitution or Treaty. The pronouncements of the Republican leaders are not very promising from Mr. De Valera's point of view. For they ask for nothing less than "One Ireland—an Irish Republic." And that raises once again the question of Ulster. Even if we rule out British influence and opposition entirely, could any policy be so nicely calculated to preserve the hated partition of Ireland as a pronounced Republican policy in the Free State? A united Ireland, which since the Statute of Westminster would be a sovereign independent Ireland, equal in status to this country, seems a possibility, with a little patience, within the British Commonwealth. Ulster is a poor economic unit and there are strong forces of sentiment, as well as of economics, working within the Six Counties for unity with the Free State. But it is not easy to conceive of Ulster as part of an Irish Republic outside the Empire, nor does Mr. De Valera's own ingenious and not in itself unreasonable plan of "free association" of an Irish Republic within the Commonwealth seem very much to lessen the difficulties.

The chances are, however, that these political issues will not come to a head in the near future. Mr. De Valera's majority, as Wednesday's vote in the newly elected Dail showed, is a precarious one, and he has the Senate to deal with even if he holds the Dail or wins a more pronounced victory at the polls. Moreover, economic realities must sometime make themselves felt. About the land annuities there is probably room for unlimited legal argument. But Ireland has so much to gain from economic co-operation with this country, and so terribly much to lose by refusing to pay recognised debts or by cutting herself off from the English market, that it seems unlikely that Mr. De Valera's policy will in the end be pushed to an extreme. Mr. De Valera is not a man who thinks very much in economic terms. But some of his advisers may remind him that he has expressed hopes of co-operation at Ottawa and that to begin by alienating Ireland's one great foreign market is scarcely a promising way of opening a campaign for Irish industrial prosperity. Ireland, like all the rest of the world, is afflicted with economic nationalism, and it is natural for a people which has been in the past artificially prevented from developing its own industries by this country to look forward to enlarging its home market and adjusting the balance of its agriculture and industry in the near future. But a "self-sufficing Ireland" is, in any period of time we need consider, a mere rhetorical phrase, and if Ireland is to change her economy and develop new industries she must pay for the equipment and finance the change from the proceeds of the sales of her dairy produce to Great Britain. Here is an excellent basis for co-operation; but economic co-operation is the last thing that seems likely to emerge from a pursuit of Mr. De Valera's present political policy.

It is time for Mr. De Valera to consider these realities. What he forgets is that Ireland won a great victory over the Government of England. If it was under duress that Ireland gave way about one-tenth of her demands in accepting the Treaty, it was under duress that England gave way on nine-tenths of her claims in conceding the Treaty. If Ireland wishes to leave the Commonwealth and become a separate Republic she

has a right to do so, and few English people will do anything but wish her well. But Mr. De Valera must count the cost. He must remember that England is bitten with this virus of economic nationalism scarcely less badly than Ireland herself. Mr. De Valera has too much history and too few present facts in his mind. Sir Horace Plunkett once made the wise remark that Irish history was a thing for Englishmen to remember and Irishmen to forget. We recommend Mr. De Valera to do a little forgetting; others will do their best to make Englishmen remember.

THE NEW TARIFF

THE new British tariff which came into force last week makes no pretence of being an emergency measure. It does not purport, like Mr. Runciman's duties of a few months ago, to deal only with "abnormal" imports; it is the opening instalment of a general and permanent tariff of the ordinary protective kind. It is, indeed, as tariffs go in these benighted days, not very high. But its ramifications are already wide, and the duties imposed under it are big enough to keep out a very large quantity of goods from abroad. Hence the smallness of the revenue which Mr. Chamberlain expects to derive from them. The raising of revenue is certainly not their principal object. Mr. Chamberlain will find the millions that come in from the tariff very useful in making his Budget balance, but the report of the Import Duties Advisory Committee makes it plain that the principal consideration in their minds has been protection and not revenue. The new scheme must be judged neither by its effects on the Budget nor in relation to the financial crisis of last autumn, but as a definite and far-reaching protectionist measure.

It is a commonplace of fiscal experience that no protected interest ever thinks that it is being protected enough, and the 20 per cent. *ad valorem* duty which the Advisory Committee has adopted for the general run of fully manufactured imports is already being attacked on all sides by spokesmen of the protected industries. It is a scandal, they are shouting at the top of their voices, to accord them less than the 33⅓ per cent. given by the McKenna duties, or even the 50 per cent. exacted under the Abnormal Importations Act of last year. They have been attacking the Chancellor and the President of the Board of Trade on this ground, and have been blandly informed that the Government has no power to go beyond the recommendations of the Advisory Committee, to which they had better advance their claims. Indeed the Advisory Committee in its report encourages them to do this. For whereas it announces that only in very exceptional circumstances will it entertain any suggestion to lower the duties now imposed, it is ready at once to consider applications for higher rates, or for duties upon articles at present exempt or chargeable only at the 10 per cent. rate. Clearly the Committee will have a busy time during the next few weeks, and there will be strong pressure to get some of the imports increased. The Yorkshire woollen manufacturers appear to be in a specially militant mood, and the pottery trade is another that has raised an outcry about the inadequacy of its protection. Even iron and steel, though it has secured for the next three months a duty of 33⅓ per cent. on semi-finished steel and on rolling mill products, is already asking not merely to have this rate made permanent, but to get it raised still higher. On the other side the Belgian steel exporters are reminding us of our recent protests against their restrictions on British goods and contemplating with dismay the prospect that an important section of their steel trade will have to close down.

Iron and steel and woollen goods are to-day, as they were in the days of the Safeguarding Act, the pivotal products round which the tariff battle is joined. They are both trades to which Mr. Baldwin felt himself compelled to refuse the privilege of "safeguarding," and they have both been urgently demanding protection for a long time past. Nor are they without a case. The woollen industry has found its exports seriously curtailed by the rise of foreign tariffs, which have been raised even more against woollen goods than in most other cases, while the British iron and steel industry has not only lost exports, but suffered from very heavy imports of semi-finished steel into the British market. It is true that this cheap steel, especially from Belgium, has been of great value to the tinplate trade and certain other finishing trades in helping them to maintain their exports. But the makers of raw steel, and those factories which produce both semi-finished and finished goods, have been hit by the cheap steel imported from abroad, especially in the home market. It is natural enough that both the woollen manufacturers and the majority of the steel-makers should want protection, even though both depend largely on exports, and though it is evident that, if we exclude Belgian steel from Great Britain, it is bound to find an outlet somewhere else.

Under the new Order, the woollen industry gets, in common with the other textile trades, an unconditional 20 per cent., while the steel industry gets a temporary 33⅓ per cent. We wish we could believe that, in the latter case at least, the intention was to make the continuance of any protection at all conditional on a real plan of industrial reorganisation. But we can find no hint of this in the report of the Advisory Committee. On the contrary, it is proposed to set to work at once to devise a "scientifically" graded schedule of duties upon iron and steel products; and this is meant to replace the emergency duty during the next few months. Nothing is said in this connection, or to any other body of manufacturers, about the tariff being conditional on their setting their own house in order. But, unless it is conditional, the manufacturers will be even more reluctant than before to face the unpleasant tasks of writing off inflated capital, scrapping obsolescent works, and re-equipping their industries with the most efficient lay-out and machinery. The tariff, as so often happens, is likely to become a subsidy to the inefficient producer, and the consumer to be called upon to pay. That is the fatal weakness of the system of tariff protection, as against the alternative method of controlling imports without recourse to a tariff. The tariff lacks elasticity, and is difficult to combine with conditions for the promotion of efficiency in the industry, or for the protection of the consumer.

Surveying the new tariff as a whole, we are disposed to say that it is bad enough, but might have been worse. There is at any rate no headlong rush into extreme and prohibitive protection over a wide field, though the duties on luxuries are very high, and still higher duties remain in force under the separate Act dealing with horticultural imports. But we can unhappily feel no confidence at all that it will not be made much worse in the near future. The Advisory Committee itself threatens us with more and higher duties, and the real pressure from the interests demanding protection has hardly yet begun. Moreover, there has not yet been time for other countries to start retaliating against us, and so provoking the demand for further retaliation on our part. All tariffs begin by being moderate. But how long can we expect any tariff to remain moderate in the present chaotic condition of the world? As a *new* tariff, our tariff is high, and calculated to bring about considerable changes in the structure of our industrial system, as well as to produce serious repercussions on other countries. So far from helping forward the attempts to lessen the obstacles in the way of international trade, it will most likely cause a fresh crop of higher duties and more arbitrary restrictions over a large part of the world.

It is cold comfort to suggest that things are bound to get still worse before we can hope that they will improve. The

world forces which have driven even Great Britain to economic nationalism have by no means spent their force, and their impact on others is even more formidable than on us. Even on us it has been powerful enough; for we have now in effect three superimposed systems of protection—the protection against exports from gold-standard countries consequent on the depreciation of sterling, the ten per cent. flat rate, and the new higher duties imposed under the Horticultural Products Act and the present Order. We are not, indeed, now imposing yet further restrictions through the control of foreign exchange, or, save for wheat and dye-stuffs, under a quota system. But we have travelled a remarkably long way since last autumn, and even since the original duties on "abnormal" imports were imposed.

We do not deny that, in the early stages, the new duties may possibly bring about some net increase in employment, though they are likely to do more by way of diverting than of creating employment. They are bound to react adversely on shipping and to some extent on our export trades. But the reaction on exports will be less than normal because world demand is at present so abnormally depressed. Their effects in providing work are likely, except in the case of shipping, to be more immediate and more plainly visible than their effects in taking it away. We can be sure that their success will be widely acclaimed on these grounds. But, in the long run, we are bound to lose by giving our economic system a protectionist twist, unless we take effective steps to enforce the fullest efficiency in the protected trades. The present Government, however, is relying on mere tariffism as a means to salvation, without any attempt to impose conditions upon those who benefit by it. It is not merely protectionist, but is making the worst of the protective system. However, in the circumstances, the protectionists were bound to have their fling. All that sane public opinion can do is to exert every effort to prevent the duties being raised further, and to offer vigorous opposition to the demands of the protected industries for higher protection still, as a more palatable alternative to thorough reorganisation of their productive methods.

E. T. SCOTT

E. T. SCOTT died at the beginning of his work. The newspapers have not made much of his death, and the public only knows of him as the son of C. P. Scott. The sons of great men necessarily work under a shadow cast by the father's greatness. The more I learned to know E. T. Scott, the more convinced I was that when the opportunity came he would show himself as great an editor as his father. The tragedy is that he should be killed within a few months of assuming full and acknowledged responsibility.

E. T. Scott had served a long, a too long apprenticeship. When I went to the *Manchester Guardian* in 1927 the Editor was already more than eighty years of age; he could not be in everything an effective head, and much of the actual, but never the admitted, responsibility fell on his son. Even after C. P. Scott's retirement had been announced the habit of a lifetime clung to him. He could not stay away from the paper; he had always to be consulted. Thus even after a long experience as chief leader-writer, and after several years of virtual editorship, E. T. Scott was still not in a position freely to take decisions; he could not innovate, or work out his own policy. He was responsible, and yet not responsible. I remember him laughing over one trivial incident which will serve to illustrate much. Some time after the nominal retirement of C. P. Scott an old subscriber, incensed at an editorial footnote appended to a letter of his in the paper, wrote complaining bitterly that when C. P. Scott was Editor no such outrage could possibly have occurred. The footnote had, in fact, been written by C. P. Scott himself!

The contrast between C.P.S. and E.T.S. was very great. The son was as direct and simple as the father was diplomatic and complex. E.T.S. had not his father's intuitive certainties. He was troubled by all the doubts of the post-war generation. He did not see progress "broadening down from precedent to precedent." He never cared two hoots for any political party, and he distrusted most political leaders. He was an economist, never content to accept a proposal at its face value, and determined to think out each issue for himself. He took much longer to make up his mind than his father did. But having reached his decision he was not easily swayed, and I have never heard him retail a second-hand opinion, or known him decide except on his own considered judgment. He was so reserved and so modest that the toughness of his mind and the independence of his character escaped the negligent eye. He was of all men the most sincere and the least prejudiced.

When he finally gained real control he became almost light-hearted. He carried out many changes and a new vitality came into the paper. In the crisis of last autumn he knew exactly where the *Manchester Guardian* should stand. It remained what it has always been—a champion of minority opinion and a centre of calm sanity in a world of excited nonsense. You could trust E.T.S. not to be bamboozled. The experience of this fight braced him, and I never saw him so eager or so determined as he was when he last came to London not many weeks before his death. The responsibility which had formerly been a heavy burden was at last squarely on his shoulders and easily borne. A crisis which had confused the pundits, and shaken some reputations that had seemed assured, had given him his opportunity and found him ready.

As I try to realise that E.T.S. is dead a kind of fury possesses me. I wish I could believe in a personal God whom I could hold responsible. But such tragedies, as one message of sympathy put it, "should not be explained or condoned." E.T.S. has been accidentally drowned. The *Manchester Guardian* will do its work without him. He was the last man in the world to think himself indispensable. Those who succeed him may prove that he was right by maintaining the traditions of courage, sincerity and independence which he inherited and upheld. B. K. M.

A LONDON DIARY

THE dismissal by the Bombay High Court of the appeal brought by the *Indian Daily Mail* is an event of the utmost importance. The judgment was scrupulously fair. The *Indian Daily Mail*, which is a moderate paper unconnected with the Congress Party, was not charged with incitement to violence. The charge against it, as summarised by the Chief Justice, was that, by describing particular cases in which the Ordinances were applied ruthlessly and in which the magistrates were acting not as free judicial agents but as agents of the Executive, the Government and the Judiciary were brought into "hatred and contempt." The Chief Justice remarked:

> It comes to this. There is no check on the Government as to the persons they may regard as suspects. Orders may be passed affecting drastically the conduct of such persons; that heavy punishments may be enforced for the breach of any such order and that the right of appeal or application and revisions which can normally be enjoyed by such persons is very largely curtailed. The Court also decided that under the Ordinances every charge of misconduct, whether such charge is well founded or not, comes within the provisions of the law.

The argument of the defence that the feeling of bitterness and contempt would result from the misconduct of the Government, not from the exposure of the misconduct, might be true. But whether true or not, to expose such misconduct was, under the Ordinances, an offence. The court

had to decide a question of law not of policy. It follows that any strong criticism of the Government, any exposure of any irregularity, such as Sir Samuel Hoare has himself admitted naturally occurs under the arbitrary rule of the Ordinances, is an offence against the Ordinances. The freedom of the press is completely abolished. How does Sir Samuel Hoare square these facts with his statement:

> The action taken against the Indian Press had been taken with one purpose alone, namely, to stop incitements to disorder and terrorism, and not to trifle with expression of public opinion.

The law in India itself brings the Government into hatred and contempt. To stop all free comment is in itself an incitement to violence.

* * *

I met a business man in the train the other day who told me that he already knew of cases of the corruption that always comes with tariffs. He cited one definite example. An English firm had just bought from abroad some expensive machinery. The price, let us say, was £1,000. But the machinery was invoiced for £500, and the duty was paid on that sum. The other £500, plus a commission to the foreign firm which had co-operated in the dodge, was sent separately. Thus half of the total duty was avoided. This seems a simple and profitable way for international capitalists of the less honest type to get over the difficulties of economic nationalism.

* * *

I have just returned from a holiday in Connemara. Contrary to report it does not always rain in the West of Ireland. The sun shone for a large part of most of the days, though there were hailstorms and driving rain in patches. I know nothing better than these lonely fishing inns when there are no anglers staying in them. They are very comfortable, and at this time of year moderate in price; the country is the most wild and lovely anywhere in my experience outside Greece. And this is real Ireland. The only signs I saw of the "troubles" were the ruins of a great hotel burnt by the Auxiliaries, and a huge British workhouse that was mercifully burnt down in the Civil War. The old story of the pigs and fowls in the cottages is true in this part of Ireland. I have seen them walking in and out of the doors, and a cow being fed in the living room. All the peasants talk Irish; their ancient culture is a living thing, and the spoken literature of the fireside story-teller has not yet been ousted by the cinema and the gramophone. Seaweed plays a great part in the lives of these people. Indeed, they largely live by it. For seaweed is the manure which makes their potato crop grow in the thin soil that barely covers the rocks. In some places the potatoes grow out of a soil which is only sand and seaweed. Seaweed also supplies the local industries of kelp and carrageen moss, which the Irish Government has done so much to encourage. Carrageen moss is good stuff. It serves all sorts of purposes, but it is at present most used for a kind of blancmange. The peasants fetch it from the shore at low tide, and themselves dry it, clean it, sort it, and pack it up ready for sale. I bought some of it afterwards in Dublin, and liked the taste of it. I see that it is recommended as a cure for colds! But Ireland did not give me a cold, so I have had no opportunity of testing its medicinal value.

* * *

One bit of conversation I had with an enthusiastic and influential supporter of Mr. De Valera seems worth giving as near verbatim as I can.

> X. (*Supporting Mr. De Valera's refusal to pay land annuities.*) Great Britain has neither legal nor moral right to the annuities.
>
> Critic. As to the legal right I leave that to the lawyers. But what do you mean by moral right? Do you mean that nothing that England can ever pay to Ireland can compensate for our deliberate destruction of Irish industry in the past, that if we attempted to add up the indemnity England owes to Ireland for several centuries of misrule, the whole capital value of England would not pay the debt? If so, I agree with you, but . . .
>
> X. Oh, if I meant that you would certainly have to default at once! I agree we cannot go back into history. Let's stick to the land annuities. Well, first, the Cromwellian expropriation . . .

Cromwell is a contemporary in Ireland. You have to go back to Brian Boru, who defeated the Danes in the eleventh century, before it becomes history to an Irishman.

CRITIC.

HURRY

IT was somewhat surprising to find Lord Buckmaster complaining in the House of Lords that during the past three years 20,691 people had been killed on the roads and more than 500,000 injured. To anyone less steeped in prejudice than Lord Buckmaster, these figures must seem a matter not for complaint but for congratulation. Consider the facts of the case. Here we have a large island in which almost any adult who pleases can for the sum of five shillings obtain a licence to rush round the country with an instrument scarcely less dangerous than a machine-gun. He may be a knave or a fool, but that does not matter if he has five shillings. No restriction is put on the speed at which he may travel, except that it shall not be capable of being proved dangerous in the circumstances in a court of law. He is given a little booklet of good advice along with his licence, but in practice he finds it all but perfectly safe to ignore this. To ignore white lines, to pass at corners, to cut in—he soon learns that he can do any of these things without even having to pay a fine. He knows, too, that if he becomes involved in an accident and is lucky enough to escape alive he will be almost sure to be exonerated from blame, largely because conclusive evidence about the responsibility for road accidents is extremely difficult to obtain. Again, he knows that, whatever the figures reveal, voices will be raised in commendation of the motoring community for its increasingly careful driving, and that, unless he is actually the worse for drink at the time of an accident, he can commit a crime—for it is a crime to kill a man, woman, or child through reckless driving—with greater prospects of immunity than any other citizen.

Thus, the motorist is in a position of enormous privilege. The country grows quite excited over a dozen or so ordinary murders for which the police had been able to bring no one to book, but it is extraordinarily philosophic about the hundreds and even thousands of the killings on the roads for which the police have been able to bring no one to book. It is as though the Law said: "You may not kill a man in order to take his money, but you may kill a man if he prevents you from travelling as fast as you wish on the road." In the circumstances, I contend that the British motorist has behaved with remarkable moderation in helping to kill only 20,691 people in the course of three years. Why, that amounts to fewer than twenty deaths a day! If the great mass of motorists, instead of being responsible and reasonable drivers, exercised their privileges as the bad drivers do, one would expect twenty people to be killed every day on the Watford by-pass alone. Hence I contend that things are not as bad as they might be, and that Lord Buckmaster's figures, appalling though they seem at a first glance, give us reason to be thankful that they are not a great deal worse.

At the same time, even 20,000 deaths are too many, and one would welcome any practical suggestion for reducing the number. I myself think that a solution of the difficulty will come when the medical profession discovers that, with the invention of the motor car, a new kind of drunkenness has come into the world. At present, the doctors frequently test the errant motorist for alcoholic drunkenness, but they never think of testing him for speed drunkenness—a far more dangerous condition on a modern arterial road. Few but the old-fashioned get drunk on beer, wine and whisky nowadays. Millions of the new-fashioned, however, get

drunk on speed. The symptoms are an extraordinary feeling of over-confidence, an exhilaration in taking risks that no sober man would take, a wild passion for pursuing the car in front as though it were an enemy that must be caught at all costs. As soon as this is recognised as a serious physical disability, some medical inventor will no doubt be able to provide us with an instrument that will measure speed-intoxication as the whatever-you-call-it measures blood-pressure. If this happens, I hope that every motorist will be compelled to wear the instrument on his arm when he drives and that the instrument will be connected with a device which will show a red light beside the speedometer as soon as speed-intoxication begins. Then the motorist, seeing the red light, would say to himself, "I'm tight," and would slow down, and drive carefully for the rest of the journey. It may be thought that, even so, the really bad motorist—the hopeless drunkard, as one might call him—would merely laugh at the red light, being prepared to deny, if challenged, that it had ever appeared. Because of the wickedness of the bad kind of speed-drunkard, I would suggest to the inventor that he should attach to his instrument yet another device which would make an indelible graph, like a temperature chart, producible in court as evidence of the sobriety or drunkenness of the driver. If such an instrument were invented, I believe we should see a reduction of 90 per cent. in the number of motoring accidents in a single month.

Until the invention of this desirable instrument, I see no hope for improvement in motoring conditions except by widening the roads and dividing them into tracks, separated by low walls, each track to be allocated to cars travelling at certain speeds. There would be a 20-mile, a 30-mile, a 40-mile, a 50-mile and a 60-mile track, each with its procession of cars travelling to their destination at the desired pace. Perhaps, owing to want of space on the surface of the ground, it would be better to build underground tunnels for motorists who wish to travel at more than fifty miles an hour. They would be perfectly happy in the bowels of the earth if only they were allowed to pass each other, and I should like the tunnels to be wide enough for that. They travel not to see the world through which they travel, but in order to pass other cars, and this in their tunnelled Hell I would allow them to do. Liberty, what cars would be overtaken in thy name! But I should not mind that—underground.

It may be thought that because I drive a comparatively slow car, and because I drive comparatively slowly, I write with an envious bitterness of those who pass me on the roads. I am, I admit, no great shakes as a driver. It is true that it was recently reported to me after a drive that a lady in the back seat of the car declared that she had felt perfect confidence in my driving. When I repeated the testimonial to one of my nieces who had also been a passenger, all she said to me was: "You should have seen her clutching me when you put your fear in your pocket and passed an Austin Seven." The sneer I thought unworthy. I passed many Austin Sevens, and many Austin Sevens passed me, and, besides, I defy Sir Malcolm Campbell himself to pass some Austin Sevens going full tilt. The very phrase, however, suggests how the view of driving as passing other cars has affected the modern mind. Everyone is afflicted by the passing mania to some extent, though most drivers keep it under control.

The real speed-drunkard, however, cannot bear not to pass, whatever the circumstances, whatever the inconvenience to drivers coming in the opposite direction. He will roll out to the far side of the road, racing three abreast with two other cars, even though he holds up the traffic for half a mile as it comes towards him. Twice, on Saturday last, on the Great North Road, did I save the lives of speed-drunkards of this kind—and my own into the bargain—as they swooped up into one of these three-abreast cuts-in. Had they been horses in a race, they would have been disqualified for boring. But, being motorists, they found that everybody gave way to them lest a worse thing should befall. What I particularly dislike about these speed-drunkards is that they have no Trade Union feeling. I can understand them endangering the lives of their enemies, the pedestrians. But I call a motorist a cad who endangers the lives of his fellow-motorists. Still, the administration of the law gives them great privileges, and, like the French aristocracy before the Revolution, they, being human, abuse these privileges. Some of them at least. Not Lord Buckmaster and not I. If Lord Buckmaster and I drove like these cutters-in, there would either be an increased death-rate or a popular revolution. And, in the revolution (if, as I hope, it would take place), no one would more richly merit the guillotine than we.

Y. Y.

THE PRICE OF PROGRESS

A letter to the TIMES *deprecates the abolition of Tanks as likely to restrict progress in cross-country transport for agriculture and other purposes.*

LET'S get this straight: you claim, I understand,
That some inventions, admirably planned
To serve that highest aim of human wits,
The blowing of our fellow-men to bits,
Gave, as by-products to our arms' increase,
A certain stimulus to the arts of peace.
Tanks, 'planes, explosives, special steels—the range
Is wide enough; nor need we find it strange;
For while, as it appears, the nations hold
The best employment for their brains and gold
Is to invent new means to maim and slay,
The arts of war are like to show the way.
So far I'm with you: but you next deduce
That if disarmament turns to other use
The cash, the zeal, the intellect we spend
Devising means for slaughter without end,
No further progress will henceforth be made
In humbler fields like industry and trade—
Assuming, I suppose, as "realists" will,
There's no incentive like the lust to kill.
Hence you conclude disarmament is sin,
And there you stop—well, that's where I begin.
Do let's be logical. I think you'll own
War bred the Tank, not armaments alone.
Thus, grant your thesis—progress disappears
Without a war, say, once in twenty years.
We owe our "caterpillars" to the grace
Of war, that quickens up invention's pace,
And that next war we read of should contrive
Still richer gifts—for those who keep alive.

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

SUNDAY CINEMAS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I would like to ask those of your readers who oppose the opening of cinemas on Sunday, what they propose to do about the hospitals, which rely to a large extent upon the funds raised by Sunday charity performances?

I know it is ridiculous that our hospitals should depend upon promiscuous charity, including "the pictures," to keep going their great work amongst the poor, but until some better way is devised—that is, until this great service is organised and controlled by the State and becomes a State service—they are compelled to look for irrelevant sources for maintenance. At the Annual Court of the East London Hospital for Children, it was stated the other day by Mr. Alan G. Cave, the Vice-Chairman, that, thanks to the employment of "a highly skilled professional

'beggar,'" the deficit last year was £929 11s., while the Christmas before the overdraft stood at £14,000.

My views on the Sunday opening of cinemas are well known, and I need not restate them here, but I would like those who do not share my views to say what alternative, other than the State provision of means, they have for the present methods adopted by our hospitals for raising the funds necessary to carry on the great work they are doing amongst the poor of this country.

GEORGE LANSBURY.

IRELAND AND THE OATH

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Two of your correspondents refer in connection with the Irish Treaty and the Versailles Treaty to these documents as signed by one party "under duress." Their conclusion is that the signatures so obtained bind no one.

This is indeed a short cut to anarchy, and a particularly bad example of what may come from the misuse of words. Every debtor summoned to the Courts pays, if he does, under duress. This does not entitle him to go back on any undertaking he may give to pay by instalments. Every State that ever signed a peace treaty signed it under duress, if it be duress to know that, failing signature, hostilities will be renewed. There is not a single independent State in Europe whose title deeds would not be invalid if settlements reached in circumstances which made a renewal of hostilities the only alternative were invalid. The point, of course, is not the duress but the legality of the duress. If my creditor forces a cheque out of me at the point of a revolver, I can honourably stop it at a bank. If the County Court decides against me, I must pay.

If we want to tear up the Treaty of Versailles, and with it the title deeds of several States in Europe, let us say so openly and risk the consequences. So also with Ireland. The pretence that there is a technical flaw in these treaties is a puerile attempt to escape the responsibility for advocating a policy fraught with incalculable consequences. It is an attempt which is unworthy.

DOUGLAS JERROLD,
Editor, *The English Review*.

MIRACLES NEVER CEASE: OR EX ORE INFANTIUM

(A Reply to "Miracles Never Cease: or Dommage à Diaghilev," by Bryan Howard.)

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of April 16th there appeared a criticism of *The Miracle* by Mr. Bryan Howard which normally I should have gleefully treasured in a special album I keep for the brighter specimens of critical profundity. My only reason for drawing further attention to what he is perhaps regarding as a *jeu d'esprit*, one of those things which seem so good at the time and so flat the morning after, is that I have an awkward feeling he may be a young man at the threshold of his career as a critic whom it would be unkind not to help with kindly comment. I am assuming from internal evidence only that the writer is a young man. Having no personal acquaintance with him, I have no personal animus, and indeed wish him every success in the profession he has adopted.

I do not pretend to be a writer myself. I envy Mr. Howard his mastery of the derisive phrase as I envy him his unspoiled youth. But in criticism, I have always felt, derision is not enough. When one is young one should, of course, deride whenever possible, but a much better impression will be made on the reading and thinking public if one does not shake its confidence by saying things which they know to be, if not untrue, at least very unlikely. Mr. Howard's review seems to me to be full of remarks so *unlikely* to the mind of the intelligent reader as to call for much more proof than a bald statement, however epigrammatic.

It is unlikely for a start that you would find in a production sponsored by myself "a derisive . . . funeral service of the Russian Ballet," now so tragically dispersed, since some of the happiest hours of my life were spent in close friendship with it both as spectator and as impresario. It is, incidentally, unlikely that Mr. Howard can tell me very much about the Russian Ballet that I do not know. From the first time that they began to perform outside Russia, I made many journeys to many countries to see them, and I am very proud of having brought them in 1921 to the Prince's Theatre for a season which was noteworthy not only for splendid performances of old favourites, but for the revival of Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps*, for the first performance of Prokofieff's *Chout* and the introduction to London of the Spanish dancers in *Cuadro Flamenco*. The last-named had an admirable setting by Picasso, of whom Mr. Howard really believes, I think, I have never heard. It is absurdly unlikely that a "commercial" manager of my experience would lay down £30,000 on a production in the cause of any propaganda for any cause on earth. "Propaganda" on the stage is rarely effective, almost never pays, antagonises more than it converts, and is to my mind quite outside the legitimate scope and purpose of the theatre. The first two lines, therefore, of Mr. Howard's notice are waste of the public's time. The first thirteen words suggest something that anyone who studies the theatre knows cannot be true; the next six words hint, only to dismiss, something quite unlikely to be true. In the rest of his first sentence about "gleaming debutantes," he displays (1) innocent surprise that actresses put on the costume appropriate to their roles, (2) ignorance that the L.C.C. does not permit lighted candles in West End theatres, (3) rash assumption in stating without evidence that the choristers, intelligently rehearsed and many of them trained in Catholic choirs, do not understand what they are intoning.

Mr. Howard refers to the Cathedral setting designed by Professor Oskar Strnad, an architect whose reputation has reached far beyond his own country, as "Hollywood Perpendicular." (In actual fact the two principal styles used are what we know in this country as "Norman" and "Decorated.") I think on a question of the architecture most unbiased judges would agree with me in preferring the knowledge of an architect to the gibes of the most ardent film-fan. For confirmation of my confidence, I can only refer Mr. Howard to the expressed views of art critics of the reputation of Mr. P. G. Konody.

Congratulating Mr. Howard on his well-thought-out pun between "parrot" and "Paramount," we pass on to find him describing the Forest Scene as "an effeminate vegetable-garden," a loose phrase that P. G. Wodehouse or any master of this style would never have used. I am not an authority either on effeminacy or on vegetable gardens, and I cannot quite see how they can have much in common. I certainly agree with Mr. Howard and W. S. Gilbert in not being content with a vegetable love, but I feel the writer should have expanded the remark beyond this rather obscure phrase if he had any real argument in mind.

I have not, as it happens, ever directly commissioned stage designs from Picasso or Chirico, though my collection includes some of their work, and I should be delighted to approach them for any production to which I thought their particular talents suitable. I have in my revues used the work of Derain, Christian Bérard and Christopher Wood, whom I imagine Mr. Howard would allow me to classify broadly with them as the sort of thing he prefers. But when I want to see recreated on the stage the rich but imaginative picture of a mediæval age which was the purpose behind the original conception of *The Miracle*, I should be very silly to go to men whose interests and skill lie in quite another sphere.

I went to Oliver Messel, who, on a basis of archæological knowledge and feeling for period, can create imaginatively, and through him to Memling and Van Eyck, to tapestries and illuminations of the time. If the negroes' costumes remind Mr. Howard of Bakst, it may be possible that that great designer was not above going to the same greater originals. I know that there are other designers in this country besides Mr. Messel, though I know few with his unmistakable genius as an artist, practical ability as a worker in the theatre, and sense of the stage. If there are others lurking of whom I do not know, Mr. Howard must forgive me for employing Mr. Messel at the express request of Max Reinhardt, whose creation *The Miracle* so largely is, and to whose judgment I attach considerable weight.

When Mr. Howard says that "the choreography, with the exception of one dance, is disgraceful," I do respectfully submit that he is talking, all too publicly, through his hat. I am curious to know what credentials he can produce entitling him to label as "disgraceful" the work of Massine, admittedly one of the few living choreographers of genius. Mr. Howard may feel, and might as a critic legitimately say, though I disagree, that it is not up to Massine's best standard, but to label it disgraceful is another example of those sweeping statements which anyone of intelligence without seeing the show would feel to be grossly

improbable. When he describes *The Miracle* as "a crazy assault on Christian mythology" I am again at a loss. When one selects a story out of Christian "mythology," and stages it with considerable care, elaboration and sympathy, it is, to say the least, a surprising use of language to describe it as an assault on the sort of thing it is sympathetically displaying. But I give it up!

I do not wish to assume an air of pontifical superiority. I am only anxious to see Mr. Howard on the right path to becoming a good writer about the theatre. I cannot say more myself than that I have gained a reputation for knowing what I am talking about by only talking about what I know. It is a good plan, if you do not know, not to say anything which somebody present may know to be untrue, or others will feel instinctively to be palpably improbable.

If Mr. Howard hates, as I imagine he hates, that type of production which, for lack of a better name, I will call "imaginative realism," and pines for something much more highly stylised, let him say so plainly, and not accuse *The Miracle* of not being something it never set out to be. The first critical question is: "Is *The Miracle* good of its kind, whether I personally like its kind or not?" It would then, this question answered, be interesting to hear why Mr. Howard would like something else quite different.

CHARLES B. COCHRAN.

49 Old Bond Street,
London, W.1.

THE ARISTOCRATIC EMBRACE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—While I appreciate Mr. Birrell's friendly reference to my *Mugwumps and the Labour Party*, I feel he misunderstands the emphasis laid upon the social habits of the former Party leaders. Those who joined the Labour movement after the war were encouraged to believe that it was more than a mere political party. We traced many of our social ills to our Court life, to our national snobbishness, and to the predominance of a small group of men connected with "big business." We were told that their sinister influence could only be checked by evolving a new type of ruling class, free from public school clannishness, and deliberately avoiding what the Edwardians called "the champagne standard." A parliamentary majority was only one of the weapons to be used in attacking the social system.

Possibly we were wrong. There may be no room in English politics for such a movement, and we must be inevitably governed by the very wealthy and those in close contact with them. Possibly those who live continually amongst the rich can easily avoid acquiring their outlook and their prejudices. One may, however, point out that no one was stronger than Mr. MacDonald upon the need of keeping the movement socially aloof from the rich, and he cannot grumble if his old followers do not change their views quite so rapidly. Plenty of them could have told him that the Carlton Club was more restful than the 1917 Club, and a day's hunting more amusing than a Divisional Executive meeting. Presumably he knew what he was doing when he became head, not only of the Labour Party, but of the Labour movement.

G. T. GARRATT.

Authors Club, S.W.1.

ARTICLE 231

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. C. H. Norman is "very puzzled" by my statements as well as some of Mr. Lloyd George's, to which he refers in your issue of April 23rd, but he has not read the *Allied Reply*, or even some parts of the Treaty. In this, which must be my last letter, may I make a few points?

(i) Recently a number of reports dealing with various aspects of the German Treaty have been published. These have been used by MM. Renouvin and Bloch to show that the Reparation Committees, etc. (dealing with Art. 231) were not concerned with "war guilt." Everyone at Paris in 1919—except the Germans who did not see the reports—knew this to be true.

(ii) *The Allied Covering Letter and Reply* denies by implication the "war guilt" interpretation of Art. 231. They admit it as regards Part VII, Art. 227–30—and Part VII *is headed* (German Treaty, H.M. Stationery Office, 1920, 3s. 3d. (*not* 2s. 6d.), p. 271), *Responsibility of Germany for the War!* Part VIII, including Art. 231, is headed *Reparation* (p. 276) and mentions only economic loss and damage.

(iii) *The Covering Letter*, etc., describes the whole Treaty as inspired by "the war guilt" of Germany and as an act of "stern justice."

Now Mr. Norman's argument I think is, anyway it can be argued, that the *Covering Letter and Reply* are not legally valid. But does he know whither that argument leads? The Germans, after receiving the Draft Treaty, objected to some clauses and asked for explanations. On June 16th, the Allies transmitted a Final Treaty, plus explanations, and important concessions in the *Covering Letter*, etc. After reading this—the Germans signed on June 28th, 1919. Now, if the Allies were not prepared to honour these explanations and concessions (*i.e.*, treat them as legally binding) the Germans signed on false pretences put forward by the Allies.

But this does certainly not make any difference to history. As a fact, the Allies charged the Germans with war guilt before all the world in (ii) and (iii), and these charges were discussed before all the world *before* the Germans signed. That fact must be decisive as to Allied intentions *before* the Treaty, whatever their subsequent conduct *after* it was signed.

HAROLD TEMPERLEY.

Peterhouse, Cambridge.

THE PATENT MEDICINE SCANDAL

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In his letter in your issue of the 23rd April, Dr. Harry Roberts has, no doubt inadvertently, torn an important part of my letter in your previous week's issue from its context with misleading effect.

I still think it is true to say that the columns of the press are nowadays *generally* closed to the worst forms of patent medicine advertising, and in particular to that of remedies for the serious diseases I instanced. What, however, I chiefly desire to emphasise is that nearly everything that has been done to eliminate this kind of advertising has not been done by public authority, and not by the medical profession, but by members of the advertising profession itself. And as it takes years to set the ponderous machinery of Parliament in motion, why should not the medical profession take things into its own hands? For the life of me I can see no reason why the medical profession as a whole should not place a poll tax on its members and with the proceeds take whole page advertisements in the newspapers. In these it might advertise to the public the advantages of going to a doctor when they or their family feel ill instead of having recourse to patent medicines. The public presumably would benefit; the doctors certainly would; and a percentage of their additional income might annually be devoted to a continuance of the good work.

I was not surprised recently to learn that one of the chief obstacles in the way of the suppression of patent medicine advertising is the doctors themselves. It appears that large numbers of them both prescribe and write testimonials for patent medicines, and this not only in the case of such presumably harmless concoctions as medicated wines, but even for malignant diseases. As to electric combs and lucky charms, surely as much harm may be done by spoonfeeding adults as by leaving them to learn wisdom for themselves and paying the trifling penalty of their folly.

ADVOCATUS DIABOLI.

Inner Temple, E.C.4.

THE TRAFFIC IN LIVESTOCK

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In many quarters it has long been considered high time that international action should be taken to protect from ill-treatment animals being transported by land or sea.

At its last meeting the Executive Committee of the League of Nations Union had before it two documents on the protection of animals in transit prepared by Brigadier-General Sir George Cockerill, C.B., namely, a general memorandum and a tentative draft convention, to serve as a basis of discussion. With these before them, a resolution was adopted recommending the inclusion of certain new provisions in the first of the series of three International Veterinary Conventions at present under consideration by States Members of the League of Nations. Very briefly, the new proposals relate to such matters as proper food and water supplies; adequate ventilation; the provision of proper headroom and space; the immediate slaughter of sick or injured animals, and, in general, regulations to obviate cruelty and preventable suffering.

The members of the Union's Executive Committee feel that they will have the full support of every humane person in adopting this policy, which is entirely non-controversial.

OLIVER BELL.
Press Secretary, League of Nations Union.

THE HOUSING PROBLEM

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I noticed that in your issue of April 23rd, you deplored the attitude of the Minister of Health, who points out that over one million houses have been built since the war, and the population of this country has only increased by a million, and draws the conclusion that the housing problem is well on the way to being solved.

It seems to be a feasible suggestion that the reason why the housing shortage appears to be growing less acute is that the people who need the houses are now unable to contemplate moving, as they cannot afford the additional rent. I am of the opinion that if more consideration were spent on the question of reconditioning sound properties, instead of on formulating extensive plans for rebuilding, the problem of slum clearance would, in fact, be greatly simplified. It is obvious that the reconditioning of old houses and blocks of flats is a better economic proposition, and on that account it is possible to let these at a lower rental than is required for new buildings.

I believe that if the Government would only look upon the question of housing from a business point of view, much money could be saved, and a greater percentage of the population of this country would be able to enjoy the benefits of better housing, on account of the moderate rents which could be charged.

16 Hanover Square, W.1. CLAUDE LEIGH.

Miscellany

SHAW *VERSUS* SHAKESPEARE

I WAS staying at an old manor farm high on the Cotswolds, within striking distance of Stratford, and a Shakespeare Festival *matinée* was to take place that day at the old theatre. If I set off after an early breakfast with Cotswold cream and honey on the board, I could stroll down to the town very comfortably before lunch-time. To get up the atmosphere I had been reading *Winter's Tale* along with Shaw's *Dark Lady of the Sonnets*, and dipping into Harrison's *Elizabethan England* which someone had left at the farm. These reminders combined with the April morning, hot sun, and cool breeze, to put one in a joyous Autolycus mood for the road.

It was nearly nine miles to Stratford, if you took the footpath after passing Forty Acre Field. That saved you a mile or more supposing you hit the right track—but when I came to the field it looked so temptingly green with white clouds racing overhead that I climbed a gate into it. There was a "tump" or mound in the middle, and on that perch you felt you were at the very top of the world, myriad-minded as Shakespeare, carefree as Autolycus:

> The white sheet bleaching on the hedge
> With heigh! the sweet birds, O how they sing!
> Doth set my pugging tooth on edge:
> For a quart of ale is a dish for a King.

That quart-of-ale motive as you will find was my undoing. I climbed the wrong gate, getting out of the field, lost a couple of miles and reached Stratford an hour late.

The town was in holiday colours, flags in the streets, "Tow-rows" (as Tennyson used to call them, tourists that is) walking about. As I was making for the inn, my old friend George Braham met me in the street, and we lunched at the "Mermaid" together. He said the right thing to drink was old Warwick ale, and, being thirsty after my long walk with a hot sun part of the way, I drank a tankard-ful. Braham said if Bernard Shaw had only drunk beer like Shakespeare he would have been just as good a dramatist. As it was, his *Dark Lady* was too thin theatrically to tempt any poet. "The real drama was in the play's preface, as often was the case with Shaw, and the real characters were Frank Harris and that poor old Shakespearean with the wen,* who put him on the Mary Fitton track."

With that Braham broke off, saying he was going to the *matinée*. "You've got a stall?"

Unpleasant reminder!—I hadn't booked a seat.

"You won't get in if you don't hurry! *Midsummer Night's Dream*—all the schools and lots of soldiers there!"

At the last moment I managed to squeeze into the back of the pit and gave a small boy a shilling to let me take his seat in a dark corner. It took all my good humour to pretend that the *optique du théâtre* from that angle favoured the stage. But in the scene at Quince's house when Bully Bottom and Peter Quince were enjoying themselves and making the pit laugh, I felt extraordinarily happy. I laughed so loud at Bottom's droll way of saying—in a monstrous little voice—"Thisne, Thisne," that a fat woman turned round and stared as if I was Thisne. In Act Three, the pit grew too hot for anything, and it gave me a horrid headache, and my one chance was to get into the open air.

Then, remembering I had promised to call on Mr. Bullen at his Shakespeare's Head Press, and that he had a cool room behind his book-shop, I gave up all thought of returning to the play and went off up town, keeping to the shady side of the street.

The room looked very dark and cool after the brightness of the street, and when I dimly made out a figure in an armchair, back to the light, naturally I took it for Bullen himself. But could it be he—dressed up in Elizabethan garb, as if to take part in some dress-rehearsal of a play? It was a picturesque attire—a doublet of "sad-tawny" velvet with a single puke or puce cut in each sleeve, and the legs below the knee simply clad in fine carsey hosen.

No, it could not be Bullen. It was not nearly so tall a man, and had not his tousled head of reddish-grey hair. I felt a dizzy swirl in my brain and noticed other details, gold rings in the ears and a pointed yellow-brown beard.

"Now I will believe there are unicorns!" I muttered. "I have the honour . . . ?"

"Nay, Sir, but the honour is mine." What a strange searching full-vowelled voice it was—with just a touch of the Warwickshire Doric burr in it. "Surely mine is the unspeakable pleasure of addressing Mr. George Bernard Shaw?" (He pronounced it Shâ.)

I was too overwhelmed to undeceive him.

It occurred to me I should be maintaining my role more effectively if I explained I did not care any longer to be known as "George." For only a week or two before I had received a postcard from G. B. S., written at Venice, saying he did not wish to be "Georged" any longer.

"But let me say I have long desired to thank you, Mr. Shâ, for the inestimable service you have done me in the critical prefaces to your plays. Little did I think, as I strayed back from Elysium to Stratford, of the good fortune awaiting me."

Was there the slightest shade of irony in this speech? He resumed: "Nay, but I mean it. By your Shavian doubts and destructive criticisms, you have winnowed out the chaff from the wheat in the plays assigned to my name. You have set even the gods and groundlings thinking. By no means all that is printed in quarto or folio with Shakespeare on the title-page was shaped by this hand. Just so surely do we know in Elysium, Mr. Shâ, not all your doctrinaire drama was written by your own pen."

"But, but, Sir, you cannot think anyone but I could have written *Candida* or *Heartbreak House?*"

"Nay, truly, for you are nature's great syndic, Mr. Shâ, and in Elysium we know many things that perplex the

* Dr. Tyler.

playgoer in London. But in what might be called the palavering parts of your plays, and indeed in all of them that were not written with a sense of Irish fun, like *Androcles and the Lion*, we know that barely a moiety of your great works was written by your own hand."

"Do you mean I could be so irresponsible as to let any hack *devil* even a page of my plays?"

"Good, sweet Sir, let us understand each other. We are talking now, one playwright to another. Every artist has his artisans, every actor is supported by a company, and every dramatist has his collaborators."

"Collaborators?"

"To be sure. Are there not two kinds, direct and indirect? Among the indirect in my case was the Dark Lady."

"You mean, Sir, Mary Fitton helped you?"

"I did not say the Dark Lady was Mary Fitton."

"But who was she then?"

"We were discussing something more important than the identity of the Dark Lady (though you have been kind enough to put her into a burlesque!). What I hoped for was an acknowledgment from your lips of the real authorship of certain doubtful pages. We Elysians know that many of your doctrinaire pages were really written by the Fabian Society."

I did not know how to counter this startling assumption, and began to think of the many questions one would like to put to the unperturbed Elysian sitting within a pace of me. But he gave the colloquy another turn:

"I am in the same predicament as you, Sir, I could point out whole scenes of my plays, contributed by other playwrights. You know what the calls were bound to be in the Globe Theatre, when we were working against time?"

"I know, Sir. You must have knocked off *As You Like It* while the players were waiting for hot copy."

"You are mistaken about *As You Like It*. A holiday pastime — when I was wandering in the Warwickshire meadows I jotted it down, and it was performed first by a company of strolling players at Chipping Camden.

"Ah well," he said, "you have fallen into some errors about me. You think I did not write from the heart, yet you studied my sonnets as few have done. They were the testament of one who cared passionately for his fellow-creatures, who put himself, gaily, or tragically, into every character he set forth on the London stage—into Autolycus as well as into Hamlet—into the ambitious young King, Richard III, as well as into old King Lear. Believe me, Mr. Shâ, if you read between my lines, you will find their stage presentment hid a vision far-reaching as that you put into the mouth of Lilith at the end of your Metabiological Pentateuch. Did you not say even the eyesight of Lilith was too short?"

At that moment I heard a footstep, and turned wondering what Bullen would say if he found Shakespeare sitting there in his own sanctum? But before he entered, the Shining Shade between me and the window had begun to fade and grow dim. I only caught an uncertain murmur, becoming fainter and fainter, as I rose up bemused and bewildered, to find the opposite seat empty. What did the last echo recall?

> Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
> Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
> Can yet the lease of my true love control,
> Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
> The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
> And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
> Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
> And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
> Now with the drops of this most balmy time
> My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,
> Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rime,
> While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
> And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
> When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

ERNEST RHYS.

PICTURES AND DECORATION

IN many childhood memories Berkeley Square is represented by a ghost and a strawberry ice. At that age the ear is attuned to news of another world than the actual one, and somehow a very strong rumour could not be prevented from leaking out that somewhere in Berkeley Square was a Thing. It was not a matter of rattling chains or heads carried under the arm, such as the Tower provided; it was a matter of neither more nor less than a Thing, and for that reason it was the best of all shudders. So, on entering the Square, one was conducted past what the novels of a bygone period rightly termed aristocratic mansions in a state of awful trepidation and at last arrived at the best strawberry ice in Europe. It was a Pilgrim's Progress in little, for the Lowther Arcade had served as Vanity Fair.

To visit such scenes to-day must inevitably lead to reminiscences and a lament for yesteryears. For at present they are a ravaged territory. Demolishers are tearing one vast gap, and another is a park for cars; the grass of the Square is suffering from some scorbutic affection. The tenure of the Thing must now be precarious, if its lease is not already up. But the strawberry ices are still there, and in one respect the amenities of the Square have increased, for the French Gallery is now installed at No. 11. It is no degradation for the fine old house to exhibit the pictures with which it inaugurates its new career, and for which it provides an admirable setting. But on looking across from them to the site of the future "modern" buildings, some of which will probably be flats, it is impossible not to be reminded of the absurd and insidious fallacy which is rising above a whisper, and which pretends that modern decoration is the doom of the easel picture.

Certainly there is no reason why anyone should have a picture in his house, but if he uses his senses intelligently enough for them to become instruments of pleasure, he will demand gratification in the first place for his sight, and schemes of modern interior decoration of themselves will be insufficient for the purpose. They have created a new trade, with pretensions to being a new art, which has already created its pedantry and its nonsense-jargon. It demands that decoration of a room should be all of a piece and its slogan is efficiency. The result is as depressing as always wearing the same suit, while the stern pursuit of the useful merely reduces the house to the level of a cage at the zoo. But the dweller inside it is not likely to submit much longer than the first year or so. He will demand freedom of visual pleasure, and the communication with other minds through the medium of sight, as he demands books and music, and the easel picture will be back on the walls in spite of the interior decorator.

There are pictures at the French Gallery for which it is worth upsetting any decorative scheme. Mr. Henry Bishop shows five landscapes. The Royal Academy has recently honoured itself by conferring its Associateship upon him, for his work is delicate, thoughtful and unobtrusive. But there is vitality behind his reticence, and an exquisite economy of statement which goes much farther than obvious emphasis. *A Saint House* is merely the low slope of a hill and a large grey cloud, yet there is a variety in the gradations of colour, and such skill in the placing of the small bright passing figures that the picture as a whole gives an extraordinary sense of calm distance slightly stirred by motion. *Gravesend* has the same quality of certainty and repose. The two Spanish landscapes and *Grasse* are more vivid in colour, but their picturesque is consummately controlled. Mr. Manson, at the same exhibition, shows three radiant flower-pieces and some glowing impressionist landscapes. Their neighbours are Messrs. Maresco Pearce, Brooke Farrar and Alfred Hayward. Mr. Epstein's bronzes are impressive and unsensational.

T. W. EARP.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre

One's sense of the occasion and the fact that all the earlier ceremonies, the procession to the tomb, the luncheon, the unfurling of the flags of seventy nations, the opening speech of the Prince of Wales were all under a sunny, wind-swept sky of a perfect April loveliness made it difficult to be severely critical of the performance of Henry IV, Part I, the first play to be given at the new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon on St. George's Day. Also, the work of the decorators was so surprisingly successful, so varied in design, so warm, gay, and harmonious in colour that the audience was put into a mood of happy expectation and applauded the curtains and scenery as well as the acting. "Surprising" is not an unfair epithet, for, although the front of the theatre has a gracious breadth and admirable reliefs by Mr. Eric Kennington and the whole exterior is an enormous improvement on the "late marzipan period" architecture of its predecessor, still it *is* slightly too suggestive of an ancestry of building blocks out of modern factory. The performance was notable for the dignified, forceful King Henry of Mr. Randle Ayrton and the spirited and convincing Hotspur of Mr. Wilfrid Walter, who brought out admirably the stupidity and insensitiveness which are joined to the courage of this man of action. Miss Fabia Drake made an equally successful portrait of that lovely miniature, Percy's wife; and Mr. Roy Byford gave a classic rendering of Falstaff; his huge, awkward person, hoarse voice and rolling eye, his sudden look, when he is caught out in his lying, of a guilty, stupid, lovable spaniel were exactly right.

The Ironies of Fortune

The Embassy Theatre, saved from the threat of conversion into a cinema, reopened last week with Sierra's *Madame Pepita*. What an engaging and yet exasperating play it is! This production accentuates the lack of firmness in the treatment, the tendency to slip from comedy into farce and back into a realm which if not tragic is at least sombre in comparison with what goes before. The cast, bewildered, with one exception, by their material, make the changes of tone seem more violent than they really are. Madame Pepita, the light-headed dressmaker, sparing of her intelligence, prodigal of her good nature, is a delightful creature. Inheriting a fortune, she is quickly surrounded by gentlemen who want all sorts of things from a small cheque to carry on with to the hand of her daughter, Catalina. But Don Guillermo is at hand to protect her. The wonder is that he proposes to her with elaborate rudeness in order to be near her daughter, and not for her charming self. But this is a satire on the conventions and so humourless a person as Don Guillermo could hardly be expected to love a woman who cried because she was incapable of grief. The plot is complicated by other emotions, and the end, too neat to be convincing, is more suited to farce. Poor Pepita, she deserved better things! Mr. Jarman made Don Guillermo too portentous; but Miss Agnes Lauchlan, as Pepita, was delicious. Hers was a faultless performance.

"Heartbreak House"

Heartbreak House at the Queen's has a large head and a small inconsequent body. It is a first-act play like Mr. Milne's *The Truth about Blaydes*. Next door, at the Globe Theatre, a second-and-third-act play is running, so with a little assistance from the critics the two may be combined!

"Life is better than books," says Ellie Dunn (Miss Eileen Beldon). *Heartbreak House* exists to prove the contrary. With more of the passion and poetry of Strindberg's *Spook Sonata*, where shadowy, mostly silent creatures pretend not to be that which they are, the far from silent people in Mr. Shaw's play garrulously pretend to be what they are not. They assert, and in the end they confess. They do not create their own environment nor (as in first-rate drama) do they become entangled in webs of their own spinning. Most of the action is obtruded on them. They "turn out to be" in love with one another's wives and husbands. A delightfully impossible burglar (Mr. Charles Groves) relieves their boredom, a noisily incredible air-raid in the last act startles us into dismay. Finally, the players are forced to surrender to a lamentably undramatic close, for by this time the characters have dwindled into puppets. All except Captain Shotover and Lady Utterwood. The play is worth a visit for these two alone. Shotover is one of the finest characters in the Shavian box. He stands no nonsense from Mr. Shaw, his impresario, and Mr. Cedric Hardwicke, who understands and loves him, never Chardles or Barretts. One understands why Shotover is one of Mr. Hardwicke's favourite parts. Mr. Clarence is as charming as ever. Miss Beldon's hypnotising act (another obtrusion) is both graceful and compelling. Miss Evans is herself, worthy of the brilliant first act and much too good for most of the last. Mr. Wilfrid Lawson, after long years of loyal Shavian service, should by his performance of Mangan be taken to the large but inattentive heart of the artistically lazy British public. There is no doubt about the players.

Bali

Kriss (the film at the Polytechnic, which illustrates the civilization of Bali, in the East Indies) has moments of enormous charm. As a picture it is always at its best when it is merely descriptive. Both the population and the island itself are shown in several enchanting sequences. The dances, architecture, and cremation customs of the island possess great fascination and beauty. Mr. Roosevelt, who took the picture, has unfortunately grafted on to this island film a love-tragedy. The film always improves when it is purely descriptive of this magic island. It is obvious that Mr. Roosevelt has neither the experience nor the talent of Mr. Flaherty. But you feel, as you feel with Mr. Flaherty, that he does really respect and love the islanders, whose life he is portraying, and that he would never vulgarise them to gain a Hollywood effect. The islanders take all the parts, acting with complete unselfconsciousness and great restraint.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Friday, April 29th—
- Two Day Conference on Family Allowances, to be opened at the London School of Economics, 2.30.
- The Tudor Singers, Wigmore Hall, 8.15.

Saturday, April 30th—
- N.U. of Women Teachers' Conference, Central Hall.
- "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Old Vic.

Sunday, May 1st—
- Dr. Stella Churchill on "Some Problems relating to London's Health Services," Transport Hall, 7.30.
- "Mädchen in Uniform," Academy Cinema.
- "Rings on Her Fingers," Phœnix.
- "It is the Law," Faculty.

Monday, May 2nd—
- "The Government Inspector," Festival Theatre, Cambridge.
- "The Tragedy of Nan," Embassy.
- "The Rivals," Q.

Tuesday, May 3rd—
- Mock Trial, "Not Reading Books," London School of Economics, 5.30.
- Huberman, Violin Recital, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- Pouishnoff, Chopin Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.

Wednesday, May 4th—
- C. S. Myers on "The Significance of Rationalisation," London School of Economics, 5.30.
- Bach Motet and Beethoven Ninth Symphony, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Thursday, May 5th—
- "The Love Pirate," Strand.
- "She Stoops to Conquer," Kingsway.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

NOTHING is so responsible for degeneracy in the arts as the popularity of the inappropriate and the disproportionate. Both these qualities demand and appeal to a certain devilish ingenuity in man—a fine piece of caligraphy, a well-placed work of sculpture will get from myriads only a cool attention, while enthusiasm runs riot on a representation of the Leonardo *Cenacolo* carved on a plum-stone, or the 119th Psalm written on a scrap of paper the size of sixpence. In time people get tired of their own crazes, and are then apt to pay more tribute than is rightly due to a work that suddenly restores proportion, is, whatever its other faults, at least splendidly appropriate. Something of this kind explains the great reputation at present enjoyed by Theodore Dreiser. For years the American authors esteemed, both in America and here, were the inappropriate authors—authors, that is, who, whatever their affinities to Boston, to New York, to Philadelphia, to Chicago, to the little villages of New England, or the lovely pastiche culture of Louisiana, of Virginia and the South, did not at all represent America—those United States. The apparent exception of Whitman, the genuine exception of Mark Twain, did not affect the general position—for Whitman was only a loud-speaker to, not of, his America; and Mark Twain was not, until comparatively lately, accepted as a serious artist. Even to-day great reputations may be made in America by men whose work is only remarkable because it seems so inappropriate. European snobbery still insists in regarding America as largely barbarian; and so a sophisticated but almost entirely bogus talent like Mr. Cabell's gets acclamations that would never be his were his works imported from England. Genuinely American talent is still liable to be neglected or quickly dismissed, after a brief period of favour. Mr. Dreiser, who has won very slowly to recognition, retains his position through sheer bulk, a kind of sprawling, careless, Continental immensity.

* * *

No one-hundred-per-cent. American, I am sure, can ever be representatively American. The man whose family has been American for generations will be representative of his own part in that huge continent—America will mean little more to him than does Europe to most Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, Italians, or English. An American author whose roots go far back in American history will, if he desire other allegiance than the immediate ones of his home and his State, generally seek them in the country whence his ancestors' ancestors journeyed. I remember Elinor Wylie saying that while she could be desperately not at home in many parts of the United States, she never was lost when she was back on this side. For the author who is immigrant himself, or the child of recent immigrants, all is different. Mr. Dreiser has the immigrant's mind. The immigrant thinks a great dream of reality which he calls America, a country, an ideal, a city where freedom and happiness and wealth were not idly promised, but secured by sacred words, unalterably written on abiding documents. The immigrant, who finds America very different from those dreams, can still think of it, in hope and despair, in anger or in gratitude, as a unity. For him, at first, America is a splendid, untested religion; for him, though he finds it ravaged and spoiled by false disciples, it is a religion still—not the conventional political compromise that the old American cynically uses or deplores.

* * *

One of the best of Mr. Dreiser's books has just been published for the first time in this country—*A Hoosier Holiday* (Constable, 10s.). It was published in America in 1916, and tells of a trip from New York to Warsaw, Indiana, where the author lived as a child. It is the only one of Mr. Dreiser's books that can be said to have charm. It is written without the neurasthenic volubility that afflicts his later autobiographical books; and is more assured and sensitive than the earlier record of his first visit to England—not yet, I think, issued over here. *A Hoosier Holiday* is full of quiet, affectionate pictures of places and people, and Mr. Dreiser evidently enjoyed and profited by the companionship of Franklin Booth, whose illustrations are a very pleasant commentary on the text. And here I felt, as I read the book, is America; and I began to understand why some of my friends exaggerate Dreiser's merits. Here are two interpretations:

> The spirit of America at that time [1896] was so remarkable. It was just entering on that vast, splendid, most lawless and most savage period in which the great financiers, now nearly all dead, were plotting and conniving the enslavement of the people and belabouring each other for power. Those crude and parvenu dynasties which now sit enthroned in our democracy, threatening its very life with their pretensions and assumptions, were just in the beginning. . . . Giants were plotting, fighting, driving on every hand, and in this city, as in every other American city I then visited, there was a singing, illusioned spirit. Actually, the average American then believed that the possession of money would certainly solve all his earthly ills. . . . There was almost an angry dissatisfaction with inefficiency, or slowness, or age, or anything which did not tend directly to the accumulation of riches.

Some time before Mr. Sinclair Lewis, Mr. Dreiser studied and defended Babbitt.

> The average American, or the average European transplanted to America, is a better or at least a more dynamic person than the average European at home, even the Frenchman. He has more grit, verve, humour, or a lackadaisical slapdash method which is at once efficient, self-sustaining, comforting. His soul, in spite of all the chains wherewith the ruling giants are seeking to fetter him, is free. . . . There are no ruling classes, to him. He sings, whistles, jests, laughs boisterously; matches everybody for cigars, beers, meals; chews tobacco, spits freely, smokes, swears, rolls to and fro, cocks his hat on one side of his head, and altogether by and large is a regular "hell of a feller." He doesn't know anything about history, or very little, and doesn't give a damn. He doesn't know anything about art—but, my God, who with the eternal hills and all nature for a background cannot live without representative art? . . . Into the teeth of destiny he marches, whistling "Yankee Doodle," or "Turkey in the Straw." In the parlance of his own streets, "Can you beat him?"

I wonder if Mr. Dreiser could still whistle so stout a tune.

* * *

As a rule I should resent bitterly a blurb that compared any author with Dr. Saintsbury; but I can understand and share the enthusiasm of the scribe who wrote the praise of Mr. Earle Welby's *The Dinner Knell* (Methuen, 5s.). Here is a book about literature and food and wine that can be named with Dr. Saintsbury's great works without any profaneness. There is the same tolerant intemperance about bad cooking, the same passion for fine literature and fine wines, the same crusted Toryism, the same impenitent Anglicanism so irrelevantly wedded to a passion for foreign cooking and foreign wines. If I had any complaint to make of Mr. Welby it would be that he too little regards the opportunities given to the judicious, especially in Italy, of enjoying wines which not only can never come to England, but cannot move ten miles in safety or comfort. I am perfectly willing to drink fine vintages when I am the guest of those who can afford to give them to me; but I have had from small Italian vineyards, and others in the valley of Loire, local wines which have a rareness of quality, a fragility and delicacy, a charm that no château wine, however famous its year, can beat. Mr. Earle Welby is a shade too much of a precisian, as his harsh words about restaurant cars show. I agree that no one in his senses would order a bottle of what professed to be a great Bordeaux on a train—but the vins ordinaires will stand a certain amount of travelling, and so will the champagnes, if one wants drink without a meal. *The Dinner Knell* has the right provocative quality which all books on meals should have.

RICHARD SUNNE.

BEST SELLERS: A MASSACRE

Fiction and the Reading Public. By Q. D. LEAVIS. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.

The advertised function of this book is one of very great importance and one whose true performance was (and, alas, remains) considerably overdue. Mrs. Leavis's book begins well, by pointing out that the serious attempts made during recent years to study "the novel" as a genre, and its development and influence as a general and changing whole, have been in one way or another *academic*—that is to say, they have presupposed a certain standard of intelligence in comment and of quality in books examined. "This method," says Mrs. Leavis, "which is that of literary criticism, can necessarily take no heed of the majority of novels"—for the simple reason that the majority of novels are not literature at all.

So far, good; but soon enough we realise that the very popular novel has not yet found its chronicler. It is surely implicit in Mrs. Leavis's thesis that, having determined to investigate unliterary novels—not exactly because they are unliterary, but because she knows that they have had the lion's share in forming that national taste she seeks to adjudge—she should be prepared at least to tolerate their existence. But this tolerance she not only lacks, but most aggressively refuses. She devotes industry, skilful management of material, and a style of pungent clarity to summarising the trend of a fiction which, if she had her way, she would forcibly suppress. Inevitably her book leaves the reader with a sense of frustration. If no self-respecting being can afford to be seen dead with a copy of any of the books to which so much attention has been paid, why all the fuss? Because, I suspect, the author, setting out with the best intentions in the world, gradually lost control of her own critical intelligence.

A few years ago Lord Ernle published a book called *The Light Reading of Our Ancestors*, which failed because its author was uncertain whether to treat the best seller *per se* or to discuss the novel as literature. Mrs. Leavis falls between two even more distant stools. She starts with a shrewd and on the whole balanced survey of one section of literary history; she ends by losing her temper with her material, and by kicking downstairs nearly all the novelists of the last hundred years.

Although the latter process is the more amusing, the former is the more relevant. And Mrs. Leavis shows herself so good a literary historian that one regrets her preference for propaganda. Her book contains many penetrating aphorisms and much information both amusing and valuable. Its comments on the Elizabethan novel and its perceptive praise of the work of Aphra Behn and Mrs. Haywood are in themselves a distinction. But her dislikes are more numerous than her likes, and the temptation to make a public holiday of their butchering is too strong for her.

In the course of her researches she addressed a questionnaire to a number of contemporary "best-sellers" (she classifies these gifted beings with a candour which outsiders will appreciate more keenly than the victims) and prints selections from their replies. From what must have been a severe test of mental honesty the authors approached emerge with varied credit. The creator of *Tarzan* replies with charming restraint and subhumorous clarity; others are less impressive; while the extract given from the pronouncement of the author of *Beau Geste* has to be read to be believed.

And when her schedule and destructive criticism of contemporary best sellers are finished, Mrs. Leavis turns savagely upon the reading public. Many who have hitherto smiled superior agreement now realise with a start that they also are "on the list." Mrs. Leavis has no greater tenderness for the "educated" novel-reader, who enjoys Galsworthy, Walpole, Margaret Kennedy, Thornton Wilder and Aldous Huxley, than for the low-brow public of *The Sheik* and Gene Stratton Porter. All are shirkers and some are snobs. We shuffle uneasily, but at the same time relish the slashing courage of the assault. Just as the younger royalists thrilled to join in Prince Rupert's charges against the Roundheads, so all who are susceptible to the lure of reckless virtuosity must gallop enraptured in Mrs Leavis's wake, as she crashes through line after line of her embattled enemy. Hardly a page but brings its victim down. The Book Society "confers authority on a taste for the second rate"; *Jane Eyre* exists by "the magnificent vitality" of its author, which carries along "bad writing, false sentiment, sheer silliness and preposterous narration"; "Sir Philip Gibbs, Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson and Mr. H. G. Wells are all 'sincere'"—that is to say, "convinced of the integrity of their intentions and useful as far as a certain lack of awareness and crudeness of sensibility allow"; "*The Way of All Flesh* is now seen to have been not a great novel, but a useful one, and its successor, *Death of a Hero*, is repeating Butler's services for a post-war generation very much more crudely."

But Prince Rupert—though he led his troopers to victory and out the other side—lost two pitched battles for his King; and it is to be feared that Mrs. Leavis's impetuosity will mean, if not another Naseby, at least another Marston Moor for the cause she so dashingly supports.

As has been said, a study of best sellers which refuses to accept them for what they are is vitiated in advance. Mrs. Leavis is so fiercely partisan that she soon loses sight of her proclaimed intentions in passionate defence of her own particular idolatries. These idolatries are themselves something of a patchwork; and some of the facts on which their worship is founded are incorrectly given.

Whom precisely among modern novelists does she admire?

The writers to whom she pays most frequent and wholehearted tribute are D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, E. M. Forster, and T. F. Powys. She is proud to call herself a highbrow and to salute these as highbrow writers, and few will dispute her admiration for the work of at least four of them. But however greatly one may respect the genius of Lawrence; however freely one may admit the formative influence on current literature of *Ulysses*, of the best of Virginia Woolf, and of Forster's austere but penetrating work, it is surely beyond the terms of reference of a student of the best-seller to blame the general public for finding their leisure reading elsewhere. Mrs. Leavis does so blame them. She is angry with them for wasting time over what she considers the second-best; and she regards leisure reading as an insult to literature and as in itself a crime. All credit to her courage for preaching an austerity which one cannot doubt she practises. But what have the preferences of a rather pharisaical minority to do with the history of the best-seller? And what if these preferences themselves be challenged?

For example, T. F. Powys. Why is he celebrated, and no word said of the author of *Mehalah* or of the Dartmoor trilogy of John Trevena? It is not as though Mrs. Leavis shrinks from constructing genealogies. She concludes a note on Rhoda Broughton and Helen Mathers by saying: "The succession of *Precious Bane* is easily explained." If Mary Webb, why not Powys? Nothing in this book shakes one's faith more in Mrs. Leavis's capacity for impartial judgment than her disproportionate insistence on the work of a very sincere and talented author, but one who is surely both derivative and of his own effects repetitive.

In the matter of inaccurate statements of facts, I am most conscious of the imperfections of Mrs. Leavis's references to Georgian and Victorian novels and novel-publishing. Her summary of nineteenth-century publishing developments on pp. 152 *seq.* is more than disputable, and she goes badly astray over the early popularisation of novel-reading. Cheap fiction long predated the mid-forties. Sixpenny and shilling chapbook editions of Gothic romances and of the great novels of the eighteenth century sold in thousands from 1800 onwards, while Bentley's Standard Novels began in 1831 and were immediately imitated. Again, it is hard to reconcile the statement on p. 279 that Mrs. Gore was the Ethel Dell or Edgar Wallace of a century ago with that on p. 305 to the effect that her books were necessarily confined to the well-to-do. In fact, both observations are incorrect. Mrs. Gore was the Michael Arlen or the Evelyn Waugh of her day; her novels began to be reissued in cheap one-volume form during the mid-thirties, and became cheaper still with the coming of Railway Libraries and yellow backs. Equally misleading is the suggestion that *Pelham* persisted in three volumes until 1853. It was published (and reprinted) in small format in 1835, and again cheaply issued in 1840.

Finally, it is surprising in a book on a subject of "deleterious" fiction to find so little weight given to the name of G. W. M. Reynolds. Reynolds (and not Dickens, who is here oddly suggested for the part) was the link between the debased Radcliffianism of 1800–1830 and the full-blooded mid-Victorian sensation fiction of Miss Braddon, Wilkie Collins and their school. It is from Reynolds, his Miscellany and his collaborators; from the *Family Herald*, the *London Journal* and their like, that the

murder books of to-day, *The Sheik*, *Peg's Paper* and even Major P. C. Wren are all directly descended.

Admittedly these are points of detail. Admittedly they merely go to show that the rot which Mrs. Leavis so much deplores began even earlier than she fears. But the subject of her book being, as to fifty per cent., a technical one, accuracy is essential, and inaccuracy liable to raise doubts as to an author's ultimate discrimination.

So we end where we began. If only Mrs. Leavis had not confused her issues in her own mind, if only she had kept either to historical detachment or to the fervent propaganda of a minority enthusiast, she would have produced a work whose effectiveness would have been more in proportion to the labour spent, whose brilliance of attack and definition would not so frequently have been dulled by the uncertainty of their application.

MICHAEL SADLEIR.

AN ARTIST IN LIFE

Men and Memories: 1900-1922. By WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN. Faber and Faber. 21s.

This is the natural sequel to the volume published under the same title last year. That had the advantage of describing youth and the young artistic life of Paris, so full of fresh adventure and the charm of meeting masters who had already made their fame in various arts. It showed us William Rothenstein rising with extraordinary rapidity to a high level in his career, and associating upon equal terms with older men who were quick to recognise his genius. We now take up the story after Paris had been left, and the scene lies chiefly in England—in Chelsea, Hampstead, Gloucestershire, and Campden Hill, though there are episodes in India, France and Germany during the war, and in Dublin during "the Troubles." The names of the painters, poets, and writers introduced are, necessarily, more modern, and the majority of the subjects are still alive and active. That has, no doubt, made the writer's task more difficult. It is hard for a sensitive and generous nature like Rothenstein's either to belaud or to belittle his contemporaries, and though it has become the fashion in a certain clique to expose the errors in as many established reputations as possible, he is neither fashionable nor malignant.

In his own art, we are given several fine portrait drawings and a few reproductions of paintings. Of the portraits I should select those of Conrad, Charles Booth, William Michael Rossetti, Tagore, and Ralph Hodgson as the best. The Tagore is singularly beautiful and not so tame and mild as some other drawings have made him seem. The drawing of Shaw is fine, but I have never caught Shaw with that upward look, as though he unexpectedly discerned an angel in the sky and was much puzzled by the apparition. Of the paintings I should choose the beautiful *Cotswold Barn*, though one misses the exquisite colour of the original. And I am drawn to the *British Howitzer at Bonn*, *The Last Phase*, partly, I suppose, because I was at Rothenstein's side during the drawing of the scene, when the Armistice was new and a British sentry was posted beside the gun looking over the great German river.

But it is in words as well as in line and colour that the artist gets at the heart of men and things. We see A. E. Housman, so silent and sensitive, so anxious not to be the poet of *The Shropshire Lad*; Gissing, happy almost too late; Conrad, nervous and restless, artist and sailor too; Hudson, living in the ugliest home, and gloomily saying he had been married as long as he could remember; Wells, greedy in his zest for life, "but how much better appetite is than apathy!" "Max," gentle, tactful, considerate, and a master of satire; John, "no one so irresistible as he, nor with such looks, such brains, such romantic and reckless daring and indifference to public opinion"; Simmons, the maker of puppets, and Wyndham Lewis, "a formidable figure, armed and armoured, like a tank, ready to cross any country however rough and hostile, to attack without formal declaration of war." How many have met that formidable tank, and suffered at its passage!

About Einstein I may quote a passage that fills me with amazement:

> During one of the sittings a solemn stranger, looking, I thought, like an old tortoise, sat listening to Einstein, who, so far as I could understand, was putting forward tentative theories, his expressive face radiant, as he expounded his ideas. From time to time the stranger shook his heavy head, whereupon Einstein paused, reflected, and then started another train of thought. When I was leaving, the presence of a third party was explained. "He is my mathematician," said Einstein, "who examines problems which I put before him, and checks their validity. You see I am not myself a very good mathematician!"

I enjoy, too, this account of the poetic habit as shown during walks at Oakridge in Gloucestershire, the most beautiful part of southern England:

> The poets in the country puzzled and amused me; I would take them to remote valleys, through flowering orchards and hanging beech woods, yet they never seemed to notice anything. Yeats would keep his eyes on the ground, and while Davies was with us, he would talk literary gossip, and ask my opinion of this or that poet, while cuckoos sang, and rainbows arched the valley.

There are plenty of wise sayings in the book, but not too many anecdotes. One of the best was told by Whistler about Labouchere:

> Young Labouchere was laying down the law in a London club, on any and every subject, to the indignation of an old gentleman, who exploded: "Young man, I knew your grandmother," to which Labouchere, rising and bowing, replied: "Perhaps, sir, I have the honour of addressing my grandfather."

But what pleases me most in Sir William Rothenstein's nature, next to his artistic skill and sensitive penetration into character, is his generosity. It is a quality uncommon in all professions—all competitive professions—and uncommon among painters. Rothenstein's quarrels with fellow artists have been very rare. I can recall only two in the two volumes, but one leads up to the question of the Royal Academy. It appeared that Professor Tonks, one of his nearest friends, had been spreading the rumour that Rothenstein had written a flattering letter to Sargent, with a view to being elected to the Academy. Sargent, of course, protested that there was not a word of truth in it, but there seems to have been no reconciliation:

> Herein lies the real evil of Academies, [Rothenstein continues] they encourage intrigue and suspicion, and such a suspicion I knew was unworthy of Tonks, and would not be lasting, I thought. But I was to discover that ideas, if not bodies, have ghosts; and Tonks, haunted by such a ghost, allowed what had seemed a lasting friendship to change to a lasting hostility.

And in another place the author observes that all young men speak harshly of academies, "but I have known no good man spoilt nor bad painter improved, by being in the Academy. Whistler, who always held the Academy up to ridicule, would gladly have accepted election." As to the feuds among artists and their venomous depreciation of each other, Rothenstein has a wise remark, which should be blazoned on every studio's door:

> I have often felt that, as an athlete or an acrobat trains from his earliest youth and continues to train to keep himself in condition, so an artist should prepare for the meannesses, attacks, and neglect that are likely to be his portion.

Of the kind of modern art which, I understand, chiefly inspires these meannesses and attacks, it is sufficient to quote one only among the author's criticisms:

> What irony in the fact that the very painters and sculptors we are asked to cherish (because, since disregarding romance and illustration, they alone give us pure art) turn their eyes away from appearance, to look, as it were, inwards, producing art so incomprehensible that it must be expounded in books and articles by men of letters!

Style grows from within, he rightly says. It is intrinsic in all good work. It is the quiet good manners of art. You know a man by his speech, by his behaviour, by his dress; by the same tokens well-bred painting may be recognised. "How like commonplace is a masterpiece," said Gauguin. And even better I like Rothenstein's own stroke of irony upon this subject: "One can be truthful only with one's equals, with those who have not his whole respect the wise man is polite." But, indeed, one could go on quoting similar sentences of wisdom for many paragraphs. "To look at things is inspiring, but there comes a nostalgia for work; looking and not doing becomes oppressive after a while, unnatural, a weariness to the spirit." How often, after wandering through galleries or museums, or even among lovely scenery, have I not thus longed for work!

Unhappily, the index-maker has fallen into the common error of confusing me, the ancient war-correspondent, with my son, the painter, who is better-known, and younger too.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

THE MEMOIRS OF A CAD

Memoirs of Prince von Bülow. Vol. III (1909–1919). Translated by GEOFFREY DUNLOP. Putnam. 25s.

If British jingoes and French chauvinists had any gratitude, they would commission Sir Reginald Blomfield to design a companion statue to the Cavell Memorial. The inscription upon it might run:

PRINCE VON BÜLOW.
HIS ACTS CREATED THE ENTENTE.
HIS POLICY PRECIPITATED THE WORLD WAR.
HIS WRITINGS REJECTED ALL RESPONSIBILITY FOR IT UPON THE CENTRAL POWERS.

The preceding volume of Bülow's memoirs ended with his dismissal from the Chancellorship in 1909. By rejecting all British overtures he had finally thrown us into the arms of France; by the Tangier episode and by his insistence upon the holding of the Algeciras Conference he had cemented the Entente, and by encouraging Austria to annex Bosnia-Herzegovina he had definitively alienated Russia. The "encirclement" of Germany thus accomplished, he was very rightly given the sack. But what was the use of replacing the man if his policy was not reversed? The Emperor William justly complains of his advisers, but after all he was responsible for their choice. Bethmann-Hollweg's chief ambition seems to have been to rival Bülow on his own ground.

In the second volume of his memoirs Bülow was defending an indefensible policy. In this third volume he has a less ticklish job, for the same policy is now the object of his attack. In the first chapter he records an interview with his successor. Bethmann congratulates him on the Tangier landing and the Bosnian crisis.

> He hoped, in a ruffled voice, that he might one day score a success on the same terrain over which I had moved with such agility. At which I cited "Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum." This seemed an unfortunate quotation.

Bülow was a habitual liar, and probably the insulting quotation is mere *esprit d'escalier*. But his delight in it is characteristic, and the story announces the theme of the whole volume: incompetent amateurs trying to imitate the performance of a virtuose conjuror. In point of fact Bethmann proved that a well-meaning blunderer like himself can be just as dangerous as a slippery smart Alec like Bülow. Never has a great nation been so ill served by its governors as Germany between the fall of Bismarck and the end of the war.

The resentment caused by Article 231 keeps the problem of war responsibility alive. Bülow's *Memoirs* on the whole confirm the general conclusions of informed opinion, though there is little new evidence. The government of no great power wanted a European war in 1914. The Austrians did want a punitive war with Servia. Russian policy was wavering: the Government did not set out to precipitate a war, but there were powerful influences which welcomed the occasion when it came, and in any case it was quite impossible not to take up the Austrian challenge. When England decided to come in, French nationalists were naturally delighted that the long-feared struggle was taking place in such favourable circumstances. But the vast balance of responsibility does lie upon the Austrians for supposing that their war with Servia could be localised, and upon the Germans for encouraging them in this belief by giving them *carte blanche*. It is responsibility for a monstrous blunder rather than for a deliberate crime. Bülow may be believed when he states that if he had been Chancellor in July, 1914, he would have prevented the war. But only by abandoning the gambling policy which he bequeathed could the constant probability of war have been prevented.

Besides white-washing (perhaps too thoroughly) the Allies at the expense of his compatriots, Bülow's new volume is chiefly interesting for its malicious portraits. Bethmann-Hollweg, Moltke, Flotow, Jagow, Lichnovsky, Rathenau, Erzberger, and, of course, again the Emperor, are as thickly peppered with arrows as St. Sebastian. Even Queen Margherita of Italy is neatly transfixed. "The thing she most regretted about the war," she told him, "was that events would have made it very difficult for German princesses to marry their equals in England and Russia." To the wary historian Bülow's memoirs are invaluable. They cannot be read without fascination and disgust. And of all the cruel portraits which they contain the most convincing and the most damaging is that painted by himself of their princely author.

RAYMOND MORTIMER.

A SAINT OF OUR DAYS

Margaret McMillan: Prophet and Pioneer. By ALBERT MANSBRIDGE. Dent. 6s.

A great personality pervades this book: the personality of Margaret McMillan. "It is her humour which makes a picture often so baffling, her irony, her blood-red scorn. What a woman! Intellect, humour, sunny courage and infinite compassion." She seems to have dominated everybody who knew her, including strong characters like Sir Robert Morant, and to have done it, without the least desire to dominate, by the power of her spirit. Her purpose was concentrated throughout her life upon practical work of a prosaic, almost a sordid, kind: the provision of medical inspection and medical aid for school children, the construction of school baths, the provision of meals in schools, the establishment of nursery and open-air schools. To all of these causes she brought a vision, an enthusiasm, and a nobility that make the word "sordid" grotesquely inappropriate. "The lack of suitable land, buildings, or material for her purposes never perturbed her. She utilised what was to hand." She made a camp-school in a graveyard, and when she was driven out of it she took possession of a piece of waste land, a receptacle for tin cans and other rubbish, and made a new camp of it. She made equipment out of canvas, gas-piping, sacks, and trestles. Hot water was obtained by rigging up an apparatus in the garden fence communicating with a neighbour's boiler. A pipe and hose were fixed over a yard drain and enclosed with canvas fastened down with stones in the hem. "This cold shower cost 2s. 9d., and it was more amusing than a tiled and marbled indoor bathroom." By such devices as these, Margaret McMillan created "a real girl-garden in the three years before the war—a garden where night and day, summer and winter, human plants grew in beauty."

J. J. Mallon, with his customary discernment, made the appropriate comment in 1908.

> In the Middle Ages they did some things better than we. Had Margaret McMillan lived 500 years ago, she had lived as the Saint of poor children for ever.

At least one reader of this book feels that 500 years may not have affected the issue. A saint still lives in these pages. Would that I had met her in the flesh! Robert Blatchford describes her as "a blend of Joan of Arc and Florence Nightingale, tempered by the humour of Jane Austen." George Bernard Shaw reminds us that she was human:

> Not only one of the best women of her time and in her orbit, but also one of the most cantankerous, and she owed a good deal of her effectiveness to the latter useful quality.

Here is an example of that glorious cantankerousness, the victim being one of her greatest friends, Robert Blatchford:

"Why do you go on a Board?" you asked me once. Why?

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Because things have to be done by Boards. Here are 5,000,000 children. "Let them be clothed and educated beautifully," say you and Sir Norman. Certainly. Let them be beautifully educated. Sir Norman will direct the teaching Astronomy, and you will take Literature, please. Every one is ready—except you and Sir Norman.

I haven't any more time else I'd write more, though I dare say you're tired. I've had the last Word—Two last Words. However, I promise I shan't write again even if you answer this!

"I like my children at home," you say. And Budge said something like it. *You like!!!* In God's name what does it matter what you like? Are your children a kind of furniture then?

It might have been Florence Nightingale scolding poor Sidney Herbert.

Here is a companion picture of the saint in saintly mood, from the pen of Walter de la Mare:

The word "pioneer" is apt to suggest a hatchet-profile and backwoodsman virtues. Not even the stupidest of physiognomists could have detected any such symptoms in Margaret McMillan. The serene eyes beneath those straying strands of grey hair seemed to look out as if from a dream, as, with head slightly drawn back, gently smiling, she sat listening and talking. A sense of humour was hers in abundance; what she did was surely impossible without it. And yet, as we sat there talking, her unfailing presence of mind seemed to consist so largely of absence of mind. Unless I am mistaken, I followed her out into the rainy dark of that Deptford November night on our way to the lecture-room with only a candle for illumination; and a candle one felt was all she needed, however dark it might be. Possibly I am wrong about the candle. In that case the visionary one in memory is an instinctive symbol. *Her* beams so shone out, not only into a "naughty" but into a dark, dismal, and muddy world.

Dr. Mansbridge has shown admirable restraint and judgment in his handling of this theme. He might so easily have produced a lifeless tribute, but he has given us a living portrait. The publishers, too, have done their work well, and the volume is attractive. Everybody is at his best in the service of Margaret McMillan; and, under her influence, the publisher's and author's profits are being given to the Camp School at Deptford. This is a book to buy.

HAROLD WRIGHT.

"Its a lovely morning" said Alice.

"Good for the ducks" muttered the March Hare as he gingerly rubbed his chin.

"He's cross again this morning" explained the Mad Hatter, "He *will* use a shaving stick."

"Butter is best" said the Dormouse, wakening for a moment "but cream is better." "With treacle" he added as he fell asleep.

"You can't use it with treacle" said the Mad Hatter "It makes the razor pull: but it's beautiful alone. Would you like some in your tea?"

"I'm going to use it tomorrow" suddenly shouted the March Hare, "Parke-Davis Shaving Cream isn't it?"

(With abject apologies to Lewis Carroll and his readers)

★ ★ ★

Wise men also will find it worth while to try Parke-Davis Shaving Cream. From chemists 1/6 per tube; or a sample free from Parke, Davis & Co., Dept., L.C., 50 Beak Street, London, W.1.

NEW NOVELS

All the Daughters of Music. By GRACE ZARING STONE. Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d.

Barbaloot. By DAPHNE MUIR. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

Soft Answers. By RICHARD ALDINGTON. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

Return, Belphegor! By SHERARD VINES. Wishart. 7s. 6d.

Miss Grace Zaring Stone is a novelist with exquisite manners. She tells her story quietly, never raising her voice or beating the drums of rhetoric. Her moments of revelation shine with their own light and are signalised by no display of stylistic fireworks. In a word, while often achieving poetry, she avoids poetic sensationalism. It is true that her very quietness may deceive, or deter, an impatient reader; it is true that the first third of the book goes rather slowly, the dramatic interest being overlong in emerging; and it is true that Miss Stone occasionally falls into an American idiom that is grammatically (which is to say logically) indefensible ("a twenty-two dollars and seventy-five cents that Marise wanted to pay her but did not have"—this "did not have" is merely baffling at first reading). But these are small matters to set against the fine workmanship of the whole. We are introduced to a group of people living in Washington, chief among them being three sisters, and the daughter of one of them. May, the eldest, is a spinster of fifty-four: she is very consciously the daughter of the late Senator, and, for that reason or another, has never consented to marry the ineffectual Harry Ellinger, who has loved her for thirty-five years. Susan, the second sister, is the widow of a man who, some years before his death, had left her for another woman: she lives in a false world, mechanically cheerful, stubbornly (cravenly) refusing to face any disagreeable fact. The youngest of the three is Leda, the mother of seventeen-year-old Marise. Leda, on the death of her much-loved husband, is forced by penury to return from Europe and make a home with her sister May. She, like Susan, has planned an evasion of reality; but hers is a different kind of evasion—a resolve not to move on with the tide of life, but to stay fixed in a dream of mournful adoration of her lost Blair. Events, in the person of a young man twelve years her junior, gradually wean her from this resolve. Both she and her daughter fall in love with this Zachary Westcott, a naval officer. The relationship between mother and daughter, who have spent much time apart from each other, is tentatively loving rather than intimate; the author's account of it is marked by at least one exquisite moment. They have returned from Marise's first party, where Marise, in her adolescent way, has been very happy in the (misunderstood) attentions of Westcott:

Leda put out the light and lay quite still in the dark. She heard Marise give a flop on her bed.

"Are you asleep, darling?"

"Not yet."

"You had a nice time, didn't you?"

Marise's voice was husky. "Oh, a heavenly time. Didn't you?" Then lower, and with a touch of awe, "Everyone was so nice."

Leda turned on her side and smiled compassionately into the dark. "I'm so glad you liked it, honey."

At that moment it suddenly seemed to her pitiful to be so young. She did not observe that at this moment it no longer seemed pitiful not to be young.

Westcott is in love with Leda, and loves Marise only in so far as she is part of his idea of Leda. He is at some pains to resist the claim that Marise innocently levies on him; but the girl is not to be saved from her infatuation, and when at last the lovers are declared to each other, and confessed to Marise, the situation is unbearably poignant. Skilfully woven in with Leda's story are those of May and Susan; May, whose tame lover gets tired of his unsuccess, and rebels, and walks off to a freedom he has never known before (greatly to the satisfaction of at least one reader); and Susan who, almost against her will, discovers in herself a capacity for suffering with young Marise, whom she sees marching to her doom. Miss Stone is as quiet in her ironies as in her poetry. This, of an elderly philanderer and bibliophile: "He was pleased also to be called a scholar, and once he had written a small, unimportant monograph on the minor Elizabethan poets in which he had remarked on their zest for life, their fresh apprehension of nature"—this might serve as a model for all who would

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FABER AND FABER

practise the deadly and delicate art. Some of the authors we are here concerned with could learn much from it, if they would.

The work of Miss Daphne Muir is in an entirely different category. Her new book is a robust, highly coloured, and very spirited tale of seventeenth-century buccaneering. As a spectacle of old times and strange countries, as a series of full-blooded adventures, it is a thoroughly enjoyable affair. But it happens to be much more than that; for it is written, not only with conspicuous intelligence and technical skill, but with keen psychological insight. It has a vividness which no mere laying-on of colour could achieve—the vividness of imaginative experience. Barbaloot, the Dutch pirate, is sometimes, indeed, shown as rather improbably sensitive: it strains one's credulity a little to believe that a man who displays so nice a sensibility in Chapter This could have brought himself to commit the atrocities reported of him in Chapter That. This criticism, however, does not go very deep; for Barbaloot's author might well reply for him, in the words of Whitman: "Do I contradict myself? Very well then: I contradict myself. I am large: I contain multitudes." Barbaloot in decline is a very impressive spectacle; and his end is desolation in the grand manner. The writing is excellent throughout. This for a specimen:

> "Lights!" he cried. "You there! Bring lights! Bring lights, I say!"
>
> In a moment the room was full of light and bustle. Tallow candles in huge candlesticks were placed upon each of the round tables, and the pot-boy stood on a stool to light the lantern.
>
> With the creation of light the darkness ran like fluid over the floor and hid in the corners. The great beams leapt out of their obscurity, challenging, impervious, triumphant, strong. Behind the chairs and the tables the darkness coagulated into thick square shadows of black, and the windows, but a moment before the least dark of the room's contents, became suddenly the darkest. There was a great sound of clanging as the huge inside shutters were fitted into place and barred. An inrush of new guests created a clatter too, for they were greeted by the sailors at the far table, and went over to join them. From the little room where the bottles were kept came the cheerful sound of corks being drawn, and beer being poured into the great pewter tankards. Everything was confusion and hubbub.

Upon this scene, Barbaloot enters:

> The inn door slammed to behind him. The light from the lantern which hung from the central beam lit up his huge square figure and the dusty silver of his head. It shone on the fierce blue of his eyes, the weather-beaten russet of his face, and the haughty angle of his jaw. It picked out the deep lines that disillusion had traced from his nostrils to the corners of his mouth. It flung a great shadow from his predatory nose down over his lips and showed up the white scar on his cheek. With a quick suspicious glance he eyed the company.

From this portrait of the pirate as an old man, let us turn to Mr. Aldington's *Soft Answers*. Mr. Aldington is an expert writer, and a poet; and it seems odd that he should care to spend his talent on the excoriation of worthless people. "Worthless," when applied to a human creature, must be held to be a comparative term; but it is applicable here in a more absolute sense, since the characters so thoroughly (and even laboriously) castigated in Mr. Aldington's five stories have nothing, it would seem, but their worthlessness to recommend them to his attention. Oswald Carstairs was the spineless dupe of managing women; Constance Lechdale, in whom "there was a kind of ghoul which fed on the man's weakness and made it fatal," was a mere man-eater who "loved cads, because she could destroy them utterly"; Charlemagne Cox was a charlatan, and a painfully transparent one at that; and Harold Formby-Pett was a complacent, mean-spirited, mercenary lout. The fifth story I have not yet read. Mr. Aldington straps these wretched people to his dissecting-table and sets about them with relish. One cannot help wondering whether it was really worth while. It is true that the artist can, on occasion, make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. But nothing of the kind has happened here.

Mr. Sherard Vines begins with a prologue in Hell. Satan decides that his ends can now best be served by a restoration of religious faith in the world, and a devil is despatched to effect this restoration. The idea is amusing, but the style is pert and facetious rather than witty. Perhaps next time . . . ?

GERALD BULLETT.

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SEA MEMORIES

Sea-Dogs of To-day. By A. J. VILLIERS. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

Mr. A. J. Villiers is a young man still in his twenties. He refers to the year 1908 as though he were speaking of the Middle Ages. But he has divided his time between the sea and journalism (with a preference for the former), and has used it so well that he seems to have as much to tell us as any old shellback of the dim and distant 'eighties.

He writes with vivacity, and with a genuine and infectious enthusiasm for sail. It may not be strictly true that "each generation of sea-wanderers has sighed in its own brief era for the romance of the days that are gone." It is indeed almost the opposite of the truth. Drake did not sigh for the Roman triremes, nor Anson long to put to sea in an Elizabethan galley. In no profession has change come more easily or an old thing been more quickly despised—as sail is by all sailormen to-day. It is, however, perfectly true of sea *writers*, such as Mr. Villiers has now become. And because he knows what he is talking about, and because he is young and belongs to the age of steam, his praise of sail is the more valuable and sounds the more sweetly in older ears.

In his gallery of modern "sea-dogs" are Carl Anton Larsen, the Norwegian, who established the first successful whaling station in the Antarctic, thus saving an ancient and adventurous trade from extinction; the heroes of the John Stewart Line, the last of the English sailing-ship companies, owners of the *William Mitchell*, the *Monkbarns* and other famous vessels which carried the name of London on their counters; Sir William Garthwaite, of Montreal, owner of the *Garthpool*, the last big, square-rigged ship to fly the Red Ensign (Sir William prefers to write his own chapter himself, and writes it very well); Captain Gustaf Erikson, "the sea-cook who became a sea-king"; Captain T. C. Fearon, of Lancaster, who sailed thirty-six times round the Horn: the trawler men of the far North; and a very exceptional girl stowaway who manages to fit into the book without introducing any odour of Hollywood. There are many good stories of the sea, and equally good ones of sailors ashore. Among the latter honourable mention must be made of the adventure which befell the cook of the barque *Prue* and nearly landed him in a New Zealand gaol. The Salvation Army band was playing lustily in the streets of Wellington when the jovial cook hove in sight.

HEROES

"There is a false notion that a man is something of a hero if he refrains from visiting his tailor until he is peremptorily sent by his wife," said the president at the Merchant Tailors' banquet.

There are doubtless some who would regard as a hero any man who refrained from buying new clothes *in spite of* the peremptory orders of his spouse! But of such stuff few of us are made!

The majority of us wait until a few glances from the wife have shown what is coming. Then one day we say, quite casually of course: "I thought, dear, that I was getting rather shabby, so I dropped in on Goss this morning and ordered a couple of suits."

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Parting the crowd to right and left, he pushed his way through the bandsmen, and into the centre circle itself. He raised his hand and, in a stentorian voice, roared "Stop!" Eventually the band did stop; whereupon the cook advanced towards the man in charge of the big drum and asked him politely whether he happened to have such a thing as a match. The story of his subsequent escape from the mob and of the pursuit of the *Peru* by a police launch is admirably told.

SHORTER NOTICES

Modern Italy. By CICELY HAMILTON. Dent. 7s. 6d.

Modern Italy, as Miss Hamilton points out, is simply Fascism in practice. And the very nature of Fascist government, with its ideal of sovereign authority and complete domination, makes the observer's task an easy one. Once liberty of thought and the power of opposition are abolished, every plan matures into consistent action, and whatever discontent may lie hidden, the surface displays smooth and frictionless efficiency. It is this surface, this working of the Fascist machine, that Miss Hamilton describes. She has seen what no traveller in the Italy of to-day can avoid seeing, so comprehensive in its ruling is the Fascist State. In addition, newspapers, manifestos and conversations have furnished her readily with material. It is hard for a foreigner to penetrate the façade of Fascism, and dangerous for an Italian to pass critical judgment. If, then, Miss Hamilton's account has no final value, it is useful as a rapid impression, and her foreword stresses the significant point that the Fascist ideal of unity, precluding internal opposition, relies for its success on a militaristic attitude to other States.

Clear Lower Deck. By SIDNEY KNOCK. Philip Alan. 10s. 6d.

Only those with a like experience to his can testify to the truth of Mr. Knock's comprehensive survey of the lower decks of our warships and of the ratings that inhabit them, but his descriptions ring true; and if he seems a little too ready to accuse landsmen of slighting the sailor, he can give reasons for his pessimism. Mr. Knock, of course, admits that conditions have greatly improved since the day he joined the service, but he is still able to voice many grievances, and "The Owner"—as the visiting civilian taxpayer to the Fleet is sometimes called—might do worse than lend him a sympathetic ear. His spirit is cheerful enough, and its descriptions are often really amusing. But a suspicion will cross the candid reader's mind that life on the lower deck is not perhaps quite such a rollicking affair as the average naval stage play might lead him to suppose.

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Tribes of the Niger Delta: Their Religions and Customs. By P. AMOURY TALBOT. Sheldon Press. 18s.

Dr. Talbot, who is a resident in the Nigerian administration, has gathered a mass of information, much at first hand, relating to the religious beliefs and social customs of the tribes of the Degama Division. The descriptions of the native religions are very full, and are treated most sympathetically; the valuable aspects of the much-maligned Ju-ju being particularly stressed. It is the same with the customs, and it is agreeable to find an official using the excellent word "dowry" to describe the payments made to a bride's parents and relatives, instead of the word "purchase," which confuses a wife with a slave. The book is full of valuable information and is particularly well illustrated. It would be interesting to know the date and provenance of the Ju-ju figures, some of which have facial characters neither negro nor negroid.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE recent slump in the sale of classical records has had fairly obvious repercussions in the catalogues of the gramophone companies, which by now are almost exclusively devoted to what is known in the trade as junk. I have been told that Japan is the best market for classical records, and it may be that their recent empire-building activities have forced them to concentrate—for the moment—on something sterner than the three B's. Whatever the causes of the present depression, it is pleasant to find it denied by the enterprise of the Decca company in issuing for the English market an excellent selection from the Polydor catalogue. These records, it is true, have been obtainable before, but only by paying the rather exorbitant price demanded for foreign records. The Decca company have taken over the "masters" from Polydor, printed (or pressed) them in England and issued them at a very reasonable figure.

As might be expected, this catalogue contains few surprises, but, nevertheless, it gives us a number of familiar German works in an admirably authentic form. Polydor recording is peculiarly faithful to the natural tone of the instruments and is, on the whole, pleasantly free from any artificial resonance. Thus, in the Third Brandenburg Concerto we do not feel that we are listening to a group of one-string fiddles through an ear-trumpet, but feel really in a concert hall with the proper aural perspective that a concert hall gives. (Two 12in. CA 8013–4, the Berlin Philharmonic, under Furtwangler.)

Another good solid recording is that of Brahms Second Symphony by the same orchestra, under Max Fiedler (five 12in. CA 8004–8). I must confess that a malign fate has almost always prevented me from hearing this symphony, and I can hardly claim to be sufficiently familiar with it to detect any minor faults. The recording is certainly excellent, and to an unprejudiced ear the interpretation equally so, even if it fails to disguise the painfully "non-troppo" nature of this symphony which, like most of Brahms' works, ranges between the fairly fast and the moderately slow.

Of the vocal records, the most attractive is Elisabeth Ohms singing of the magnificent and prophetic "Ocean, thou mighty monster" from Weber's *Oberon* (CA 8022). It is depressing to think of how few English singers could tackle this aria with any success. The whole trouble about English opera is that the English are not a race of natural singers, whereas they are a race of natural dancers, yielding only to the Russians and Poles, and should concentrate on ballet instead.

German singing is exhibited in a less favourable light by Heinrich Rehkemper's performance of Mahler's *Kindertotenlieder* (3 12in. CA 8027-9). These charming songs are among the best work of Mahler, who was far more successful on a small scale than with cosmic conceptions, to which he unfortunately devoted so much of his life, but their effect is from time to time completely marred by the wavering intonation of the singer. Indeed, in one place, it would take the combined efforts of Philo Vance and Lord Peter Wimsey to decide from the clues provided by the accompaniment what particular note Herr Rehkemper had in mind when the crime was committed. The orchestral playing, though, is beautiful, and shows us that the swan song of romantic orchestration is to be found even more in Mahler than in Strauss.

The dual nature of Strauss's genius is brought out by playing first the trio from *Rosenkavalier* (CA 8021, sung by Elisabeth Ohms, Adele Kern, and Elfriede Marherr) and then the Dance from *Salome* (played by the Berlin Philharmonic under the composer, CA 8017). Although the Trio from *Rosenkavalier*

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is an obviously better piece of music, I cannot help feeling that *Salome* reveals more of the essential Strauss. Those who judge music chiefly by its surface texture and social implications, probably dismiss this dance as a noisy piece of pseudo-Orientalism interrupted by a Mae Murray valse in the middle. But in spite of his obvious approach to the subject and the many more up to-date essays in the macabre since composed, there still remains a curiously evil touch in this music. It has the right *fin de siècle* feeling (I make no apology for reviving this sturdy old-time phrase).

Coming at the end of the romantic tradition Strauss, both by nature and circumstance, was far more suited to twisting the tail of this old war-horse than to riding it heroically into battle. Yet the force of his departure from this tradition was conditioned by his slavery to it. *Salome* and *Elektra* are sinister because they express themselves in a perversion of the genial language of an earlier Strauss.

Clytaemnestra is horrifying because of the juxtaposition of her livery discords with the mellifluous harmonies first popularised by the Rev. Bacchus Dykes.

Strauss, in fact, is, musically speaking, the happy possessor of a "sense of sin," that quality that must have given such a zest to the 'nineties and the lack of which is productive of most present-day *ennui*. Apart from *Rosenkavalier*, which always seems to me a gigantic piece of spiritual bluff, Strauss's operas are successful only when they concentrate on sexual and sadistic obsessions.

The music for John the Baptist might have been written by an archbishop, that of Joseph by a curate, and that of Chrysothemis by a girl-guide, but the music for Salome and Elektra is Kraft-Ebbing expressed in terms of musical genius.

The morbidities of Schönberg and Bartok are pale and cerebral in comparison.

From the point of view of recording, this is perhaps the best record in this series that I have heard.

Those who find Richard Strauss's particular blend of abnormality repellent can always refresh themselves with the exquisite normality of Johann Strauss.

It is not often that we get an uncut version of a Strauss waltz, but I presume that the Decca-Polydor version of *Tales from the Vienna Woods* is complete, for it takes three full sides, the fourth being taken up with *Voices of Spring*. (Two 12in. LY 6008-9, the Charlottenburg Opera orchestra under Julius Prüwer.)

For those who like their Strauss "straight" this is an ideal recording, though personally I find it a little staid and symphonic after the more stylised versions of Marek Weber. I have of necessity been able to deal with only a small selection from this excellent catalogue.

Decca's ordinary catalogue contains a good Spike Hughes record, *Six Bells Stampede* and *Sirocco* (10in. F 2844). The aptly named *Six Bells Stampede* has an excellent furtive opening, and has more variety of texture than we usually get from this composer.

The playing of this band is still spoiled by a touch of English flaccidity. The whole thing wants to be tighter and crisper. But it remains one of the very few English bands one can write about without keeping one's weather eye on the law of libel.

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Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

No. 5.—PLUTOCRATS AT PLAY

Two plutocrats, Goldstein and Swagg, met in friendly rivalry over 18 holes at golf.

They agreed to play for stakes on the following curious basis:—Stake money to be payable *after each hole* on the position of the game then obtaining.

A player one up at any hole to receive £1 from his opponent; a player two up to receive £3 (i.e., £1 + £2): a player three up to receive £6 (i.e., £1 + £2 + £3): and so on.

After five holes had been played, Goldstein owed Swagg £17.

After thirteen holes, neither player owed the other anything. Goldstein won the fourteenth and fifteenth.

The last three holes were halved, but at each of these Swagg missed a short putt through nervousness. They should all have been his holes.

What did these three missed putts cost him?

Problem 3

MANSFIELD PARK

In the first dance Tom Bertram, the eldest of the family, must evidently dance with Mrs. Grant, the only married lady dancing. Similarly Edmund Bertram must dance with the other lady guest, Mary Crawford. Maria we know danced with her fiancé, Mr. Rushworth. This leaves two girls, Julia and Fanny, and two men, Mr. Yates and Henry Crawford. We have not yet sufficient data to determine which danced with which.

In the second dance Mrs. Grant cannot of course dance again with Tom Bertram, and she cannot have danced with Mr. Yates, as he was her partner in the third dance. She did not dance with Edmund, as we are told that his partner was Fanny, and she may not dance with her own brother Henry Crawford. Therefore her partner was Mr. Rushworth.

Maria could only dance with Henry Crawford or Mr. Yates, but we cannot yet determine which.

Mary Crawford must have danced with Tom Bertram or Mr. Yates.

Julia must dance either with Mr. Yates or Henry Crawford. But we know that Henry Crawford was her partner in the third dance. Therefore under rule (2) she must have danced this time with Mr. Yates. Consequently Maria's partner was Henry Crawford and Mary's Tom Bertram. The partners therefore are:—

FIRST DANCE	SECOND DANCE
Mrs. Grant and Tom Bertram.	Mrs. Grant and Mr. Rushworth.
Maria Bertram and Mr. Rushworth.	Maria Bertram and Henry Crawford.
Mary Crawford and Edmund Bertram.	Mary Crawford and Tom Bertram.
Julia Bertram and Henry Crawford.	Julia Bertram and Mr. Yates.
Fanny Price and Mr. Yates.	Fanny Price and Edmund Bertram.

Correct solutions from:

Asquitha, F. G. Adamson, Dr. L. C. Adam, J. Ainslie, Arlyn, M. S. Amos, Agitat. D. Barber, Blind Mole, J. Bourne, B. Brewster, G. S. Bagenal, J. H. Bell, A. L. Bulley, Dr. C. O. S. B. Brooke.

D. M. Cheke, J. B. Channon, A. Classe, H. L. Cox, A. Crokingburn, Cooper, R. M. Crosskey, Crooked Dean, A. S. Collard, L. C. Clarke, P. R. Couch, G. B. Courtier D. Casserley, E. Cohen, Christopher, T. W. Chaundy.

Rev. C. Dinwoodie, C. M. Douglas, V.J.D.

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A.J., F. L. Jones.

P.K.

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Henry Vine, H. Vallance, K. D. Vernon, Van der Reit.

G. Wellard, B. Willis, W. A. Whitehouse, G. F. Williams, Vic Waldron, C. H. Waddington, S.W., Wm. Whiteley, D. Wildman, M. Wilson.

Zylo.

Slocombe's Bank.—Additional solution: A. Rotenberg.

The Buritanian Cabinet.—Additional solution: Van der Reit. There was a misprint in the solution of this problem as published last week. Line 8 should, of course, have read: "If *n* is 9, the number of *minority votes cast* is 10; and so on."

To Correspondents.—H. L. Cox. Many thanks. I should be grateful for your solutions. *G. H. Ince* and *C. P. Meredith.* O.K.

Competitors for the Quarterly Prize are reminded that solutions (on foolscap, and with names and addresses clearly shown) must reach this office, addressed to *Caliban*, not later than midday on the following Thursday. Consideration, however, will be given to competitors residing abroad; every effort will be made to enable them to participate.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR

THE GILT-EDGED BOOM AND INDIA—AFTER KREUGER A REFORM —SILVER AND CHINA

THE Stock Exchange is still sceptical of the value of our new tariffs. It is true that there has been some inquiry for iron and steel shares, but it is generally felt that to restore our leading iron and steel combines to prosperity we shall have to have another war. Until shipbuilding revives there can be no real recovery in our heavy industries, and until international trade revives there can be no recovery in shipbuilding. The immediate effect of the British tariff system will be to reduce world trade to still more attenuated proportions and, in particular, to strike a deadly blow at the export trade of European countries. The market in British industrial shares is therefore becoming highly selective. In fact, there is every indication that investors are putting their surplus money into the gilt-edged market and not into equity shares. I think they are right, for the gilt-edged market is working up for a glorious boom. The India Government took advantage of the present demand for gilt-edged securities by issuing £10 millions of 5 per cent. stock at 95 this week, of which £6 millions will be used to provide for the repayment of 6 per cent. bonds maturing in June. The gold flow from India is slowing down and the India Government, which, by the issue of rupee currency to the exporters of gold, has hitherto been enabled to purchase sterling bills to meet its sterling indebtedness, has probably come to the conclusion that it would be wise to strengthen its sterling resources in case the gold flow dried up. The improvement in the price of India Government credit has been remarkable. At the end of last year, India 3 per cent. stock, which touched 34 in 1931, was quoted at 43 to yield £6 19s. 6d. per cent. : it is to-day quoted at 56¼ to yield £5 5s. 0d. per cent. That the India 5 per cent. stock at 95 should have been heavily "stagged" this week is a sign of the new era.

* * *

The history of joint stock company finance has been constantly disgraced by fraudulent transactions, but the greatest of all company frauds is now being brought to light in the dossiers of Ivar Kreuger. Each week the accountants and detectives are finding in the tastefully decorated room of the late Managing Director at the Swedish Match headquarters evidence of a gigantic deception—false entries in books, forged Italian State bonds, rubber stamps reproducing the signatures of wealthy Swedish business men, and, finally, blackmailing letters from women. The frauds which Ivar Kreuger practised for many years showed extraordinary ingenuity and also, I think, a supreme contempt for bankers and capitalists in general. It may be that he suffered from the disease common to many great financiers —that of megalomania—but the ways and means which he took to achieve his ends were simple perversions of the facilities provided by the joint stock company system. Companies and syndicates were formed to acquire fictitious assets and to dispose of them at inflated prices to other companies associated with Kreuger and Toll. The International Financial Syndicate, which indulged in many strange transactions, was found to be identical with Ivar Kreuger himself. In part these inter-company deals were designed for the honest purpose of escaping double taxation, in part for the dishonest purpose of creating new assets in the books of Kreuger and Toll, so that fresh issues of shares could be made to the public at high premiums. This kind of deception can be practised by any financier who can command dummy directors and accountants to carry out his orders. Therefore, what we must do to protect the community against such frauds in future is to transform the chartered body of accountants into State officials, taking no orders from company directors but acting simply as State inspectors of company accounts with access to all records and minutes of board meetings. I venture to commend this reform to the earnest attention of our younger Members of Parliament.

* * *

Kreuger was unique. It is therefore foolish to regard every international company with a great man at its head as likely to go the way of the Swedish Match group. Yet the most absurd rumours were circulated last week to back up a "bear" raid on Royal Dutch and Shell Transport, which fell in two days from 20 to 12⅛ and from 1⅞ to 1 7/16 respectively. As I write, the prices have recovered to 12⅝ for Royal Dutch and 1 23/32 for Shell. Now almost any argument could be advanced for selling these shares except that they are "one man" companies. Sir Henri Deterding is a great figure in the oil world, but he is not a financier and his companies are not financial but operating concerns—producing, refining, shipping and marketing oil. This is a very intricate business which requires the whole-time work of many managing directors and the consultation of many boards of directors. I have often advanced in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION the real reason for selling oil shares—namely, that it is impossible to make a real profit in the petrol trade at the present level of prices. But it is dangerous to go a "bear" in Royal Dutch and Shell, for this group has the power to effect enormous economies in its budget merely by stopping drilling for new production. The Shell Union, for example, saved $5.5 millions under this head in 1931. At the same time, large economies have already been made in operating expenditures by pooling marketing organisations in the East and in Great Britain with the Anglo-Persian Oil. And not all the subsidiary companies have made losses, as the 10 per cent. dividend just declared by the Venezuelan Oil Concessions has shown. The Shell Union has disclosed a book loss of $27 millions last year but it will be found that its cash has been increased during the year by $11 millions, indicating that more money has come into the till than has gone out. I would say that most subsidiaries of the Royal Dutch and Shell have traded on a similar basis. But it is really scandalous that no trading results have been given to shareholders by this group since May, 1931. The case for quarterly accounts is becoming overwhelming.

* * *

The silver protagonists should study the speech of the Chairman of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, which was delivered last week. One of the favourite arguments of the bi-metallists is that a rise in the price of silver would help China to become a better customer of the world's goods. This would be true if there were a great hoard of silver in China which could be brought out for the purchase of foreign products. But there is no evidence, according to the Chairman of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, of the existence of any such hoard. Moreover, China buys her imports by means of her exports. It is upon the quantity and value of her exports, and not on the price of silver, that her capacity to buy abroad really depends. If a rise in the price of silver reacted adversely upon her exports, China would certainly import less. Contrariwise, a decline in the price of silver would stimulate her exports. The fact that China's adverse trade balance has actually increased during the last two years in spite of the silver depression is explained by the fact that the decline in the price of silver relative to the decline in the gold prices of commodities has been comparatively small. The benefit to China, from a national point of view, in having a currency not linked to gold is to be found in the comparative stability of her internal price level. The Chinese peasant is still blissfully ignorant of the slump in commodity prices which is ruining the civilised world. This silver agitation, it is clear, comes from parties interested in the production and marketing of silver; it does not come from the friends of China.

* * *

This brings me again to the position of the Chinese Customs Loans. The increase in the Chinese Maritime Customs revenue last year from 180½ million to 248 million Haikwan taels was due not to larger trade but to higher tariffs. The Shanghai revenue again showed a disproportionate increase, rising in 1931 to one-half of the total Customs Revenue of China. On February 6th last, I called attention to the significance of the Japanese invasion of Shanghai for the holders of Chinese Customs Loans. The final drawing of the 5 per cent. Gold Loan of 1896 on April 1st last leaves the 4½ per cent. gold loan of 1898 as the first charge on the Maritime Customs, after which rank the Boxer Indemnity payments. The increase in the Boxer Indemnity payments this year by reason of the saving in the service of the 5 per cent. Gold Loan of 1896 enhances the security of the 5 per cent. gold dollar bonds of 1925/47, which are charged on the French portion of the Boxer Indemnity.

	High 1931.	Present Price.	Approximate Yields Per Cent. Flat.	Final Redn.	To avge. Maturity.
			£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
4½% Gold Loan 1898	90¾	85½	5 5 1	6 8 3	7 15 3 Mar., 1939
5% Boxer 1925/47	88½	82	8 19 0 (*a*)	10 17 6 (*a*)	14 10 0 (*a*) Jan.,
			6 7 3 (*b*)	7 9 0 (*b*)	8 15 6 (*b*) 1940
5% Reorganisation 1913	71	58½	8.14 6	9 6 3	10 2 0 July, 1951

(*a*) Rate of exchange being taken at $3.65 to £.
(*b*) Rate of exchange being taken at $4.86 to £.

I would add that these loans are speculative and should not be regarded as a suitable investment by the widow and the orphan.

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HIPPODROME.	BOW BELLS.	Wed., Th., Sat.
QUEEN'S.	HEARTBREAK HOUSE.	Wed., Sat.
ST. MARTIN'S.	PRECIOUS BANE.	Tu., W., F.
STRAND.	IT'S A GIRL.	Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
WESTMINSTER.	TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL.	Wed., Sat.
WYNDHAM'S.	THE GREEN PACK.	Wed., Sat.

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By ROBERT NICHOLS & MAURICE BROWNE.
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